Landau & Dinges: The Truth Behind 'Missing'

INQUIRY

MAGAZINE

APRIL 12, 1982 • $1.50

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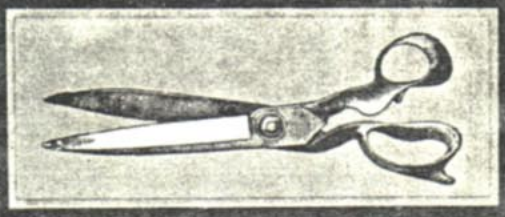

JUST TURN TO PAGE 13.

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You'll Ever Make in Your Life, Yours *Now*

- WITHOUT A PENNY OF INVESTMENT
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- WITHIN 90 DAYS
- "WORKING" ABOUT ONE HOUR A DAY (OR EVENING)

There are all kinds of ways to make money. Good golly, Molly — if anyone knows that, I do! For the past 20+ years I've concentrated on finding, investigating, creating and specifically singling out only the very finest legal and ethical methods for carving out a mass of wealth in a hurry. But believe me, in all those years never have I experienced anything remotely as exciting as this one!

Recently, I came across a fairly new way to make big bux, but after a thorough study I discarded it because it required too much investment of time, money and personal effort. But my study did serve as inspiration to develop yet another fantastic and unusual wallet-fattener — **something that until now has never been done** — yet fully complies with the tough set of standards I'm noted for demanding of *any* potential wealth-producing concept:

- Must be able to be started with **minimum investment**
- Must be possible to **start at home** and not interfere with family life.
- Must be able to be started and **run initially by one man or woman**
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- Must have realistic annual profit potential of **$40,000 or more**

Well, this one goes way beyond my usual rigorous test. Get this: This extra-ordinary money-maker® allows you to:

- Start at once — **within 30 seconds** of studying my report
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- Accomplish everything **without leaving your home** — heck, you can do it from your favorite easy chair whilst eating pizza or petting the dog (or vicey versey!)
- Have a potential **net profit** (not gross ... **net**!) of $100,000.00 by the end of 90 days — tops. And that's **cash**, not theoretical or paper profits.

For the past two decades Du Vall has captured the imagination of men and women the world over by providing solid, unique direction for their quest for financial freedom. His firm is headquartered in Michigan with international marketing offices in Hong Kong (known as DAX International. John W. Lane, President). In addition to producing some three dozen publications on money-making/self-improvement themes, DuVall is also the creator of the popular Derek Dax adventure/mystery/romance series and the author of the political intrigue novel, "The Big Dream" (published by Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York).

His writings have been used in numerous style and content workshops and accredited courses at such institutions as California State University, UCLA, Fordham, University of Illinois and Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Naturally, you're wondering what all this is — but I'm not going to tell you here. No, it's going to cost you ten smackers to find out. But I will tell you what it *isn't* so you'll not be off on some wild goose chase:

- ★ No sex or off-color stuff
- ● No chain letter, pyramid or multi-level scam
- ● No mail order, envelope stuffing or drop-shipping
- ★ No writing or self-publishing how-to stuff
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- ● No stocks, commodities, real estate, etc.
- ★ No gambling, betting or wagering
- ★ No arts, crafts or special skills
- ★ No party-plan, door-to-door or phone selling
- ★ No catalogs, mailing lists, postage, etc.
- ● No equipment to buy or rent
- ★ No bothering friends, relatives, etc.
- ● Not anything you have ever seen advertised anywhere.

WHO CAN DO IT

Anyone with even a smidgen of ambition.

WHAT IS REQUIRED

Other than my step-by-step detailed report ... nothing. I have thought long and hard about it; A person virtually without a shirt on their back or a pot to plant petunias in could do it. You will of course, have to put my plan into motion — but that's both fun and easy and totally accomplished from the comfort of your own home. (By the way, no one will be coming to your home, either.)

Finally, let me make this clear: Once you have my report, **that is all you need to get going!** I have nothing else to sell you for this deal. Your purchase of this extraordinary report is NOT a "foot in the door" to get you to buy some extra or expensive "course" or whatever ... this is all you need from me!

WHAT TO DO NOW

You've got several choices:

1. Write or phone me and try to pry out the details for free. It won't work, but what the heck — here's my number: (517) 655-3333.
2. Put this ad aside, wait 90 days or so and lose your chance at $100,000.
3. Do the only sensible thing. Send me the ten bux and get started on wearing in that path to the bank.

Nifty Bonus!

A few months back in our DAX MONEY-MAKER® CONFIDENTIAL NEWSLETTER, we reported on another business that can easily net $1,000 a week for life. It's a bit more involved and does require getting out and about, but our readers were so delighted with it that I'm including it as an extra **free bonus** when you order our new special DAX report, "$100,000 in 90 Days."

P.S. One more thing (say, this Du Vall is a windy so and so, isn't he!). There are lots of people right now in bad financial straits. I hope you're not one of them, but if you are, having read this ad you now have absolutely no excuse for being broke, because as the saying goes, "This is it!" This could truly be the once-and-for-all solution to any money miseries you have. I guess you'll have to take my word for it until you receive these fabulous reports — but if it eases your mind any, over 100,000 men and women worldwide have been, over the years **repeat buyers** of my books, manual, reports, cassette tape programs and newsletters. There must be a reason ...

— Dean F. V. Du Vall

Du Vall Press Financial Publications
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For same day processing mail to:
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WILLIAMSTON, MI 48895

Dean — this sounds like just what I'm looking for — a chance to make mega-bux without any investment or having to leave the house. The same day you receive my order rush me your new DAX Special Report, "$100,000 in 90 Days" plus the Free Bonus Report, "$1,000 A Week for Life." Enclosed is ten dollars.

DAX DAX DAX

For Personal Success

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INQUIRY®

APRIL 12, 1982

How to Really Cut the Budget

DAVID BOAZ **p. 13**

Reagan's idea of how to cut the budget is to add another $32 billion to it. Herewith, we present INQUIRY's counterbudget, done with the old math where budget cutting means subtracting money from the government and leaving it in the hands of the people.

Showdown in the Sahara

CLAUDIA WRIGHT **p. 21**

In 'Casablanca,' Rick's American Cafe was where the power brokers met to trade in human life. In today's Morocco the action is in Marrakech at King Hassan's Royal Palace. There the king cuts deadly deals with Americans like Haig and Weinberger so he can carry on his holy war in the Sahara.

COLUMNS & REVIEWS

Inquiries ..... **p. 3**
Peace and profits; Trampling the regulatory fences; National insecurity.

Letters ..... **p. 6**

The Therapeutic State ..... **p. 8**
This column is illegal . . . and you're a lawbreaker, too, if you've slept in a bathtub in Detroit, worn suspenders in Nogales, Arizona, or walked your chicken without a leash in Quitman, Georgia. But don't turn yourself in and we won't either. *(JOHN SACK)*

Politics ..... **p. 10**
The truth behind 'Missing.' The new movie about the Chilean coup has drawn fire from the *New York Times* and prompted the State Department to issue a three-page denial of complicity. The facts support the filmmakers. *(SAUL LANDAU & JOHN DINGES)*

Books ..... **p. 26**
Thomas Szasz on *Elvis*, by Albert Goldman, and *Flowers in the Blood*, by Dean Latimer and Jeff Goldberg; Murray N. Rothbard on *FDR, 1882–1945*, by Joseph Alsop; Maurice Cranston on *The Myth of the Nation and the Vision of Revolution*, by J. L. Talmon.

Film ..... **p. 34**
Stephen Harvey on *Missing* and *Circle of Deceit*.

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

IF MASSIVE MILITARY SPENDing invites a nuclear war; if entitlements programs actually harm the poor and help special interests; if whole cabinet departments constitute nothing but subsidies to favored businesses and industries; and if the entire network of federal taxes and regulations costs Americans at every economic level billions of dollars in lost opportunities for increased prosperity—then the only humane response is to slash the federal budget radically and immediately. In this issue David Boaz wields a meat-ax on the newest Reagan budget with the precision of a scalpel, taking on the sacred cows of government spending and laying bare the real purposes of so many of our government programs.

As the ax falls, it shouldn't miss our government's involvement in Morocco, the subject of our second feature. Americans mucking about in the desert evoke a haunting refrain from our early days in Vietnam and our more recent days in El Salvador. We hope that by calling attention to U.S. "advisers" in the vicinity of Casablanca, we'll see them come home before they can play it again.

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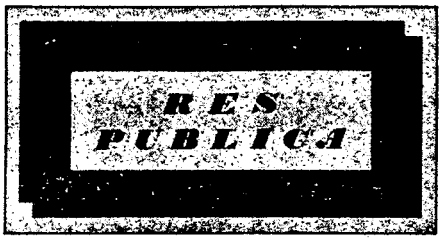

Correction: Senator Lugar only pocketed $177 an hour, not $283

■ Northwest Orient Flight 370 delivered Senator Richard G. Lugar (R-Ind.) to Minneapolis at 10:19 A.M., January 11. He went to give speeches, but took with him no prepared texts.

At noon he addressed the employees at Pillsbury, among them the political action committee of the firm. Fee: $1000.

At dinner he spoke to executives and board members of First Bank Systems, a bank holding company. Fee: $2000.

The next morning he spoke to executives and board members of the Fingerhut Corp., a mail-order firm. Fee: $2000.

Then he spoke at a luncheon sponsored by Miller and Schroeder Municipals Inc., a financial firm. Fee: $2000.

In a period of about thirty hours, Lugar had received $8500 in speaking fees.

—Washington Post, Feb. 28, 1982

■ Three dollars out of every eight that Senator Richard Lugar (R-Ind.) gets by making speeches around the nation go to charity, a spokesman said today.

—Washington Post, Mar. 2, 1982

But they did consult him on the design of the new dinner plates

■ In his first year in office, President Reagan has been almost totally "uninvolved" in key administration decisions on foreign and defense policy, according to high-level White House officials. . . .

[White House counselor Edwin] Meese has at times been quite candid about the president's lack of involvement in national security issues.

Last December, he told an interviewer that the administration, at the Pentagon's suggestion, had changed its nuclear strategy from what was called "mutually assured destruction" to one of "assured survivability" . . .

Said Meese at the time: "We don't get the president involved in that kind of stuff."

—San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle, Feb. 7, 1982

Lenny, get that lampshade off your head

■ The striving of the Polish United Workers' Party to clear the practice of socialist construction of everything extraneous, alien to the nature of socialism, is quite natural. Also legitimate is your concern about the restoration of the vanguard role of the working-class party, your firm orientations of long standing to raising the political activity of the working people, to rallying the popular masses. The development of genuine democracy, far from weakening socialism, adds endlessly to its strength. It is not easy for Poland today. The waves of anarchy, chaos, and terror would not roll back overnight. The imperialist powers, the United States in the first place, are increasing their pressure on Poland and in doing so trample underfoot law and morals.

—Excerpts from a toast by Leonid Brezhnev to General Jaruzelski given during their recent meeting in Moscow, Wall Street Journal, Mar. 3, 1982

Maybe they drove over from Virginia

■ Hidden away in the First National Bank of Maryland's main branch in Baltimore is a nearly forgotten account, a passbook containing some $1 million that Maryland taxpayers voluntarily have contributed to the state since 1975. . . .

Since its birth seven years ago, the Fair Campaign Financing Fund has existed only as a paper calculation, as dollars collected from tax returns and invested. . . . So far, not a penny has been spent. . . .

And Willard Morris, State Administrator of Election Laws, who scorns the [Fair Campaign Financing] law, recently said of the 200,000 citizens who each added $2 in state tax payments to help fill the fund: "I can't believe there are that many idiots in this state."

—Washington Post, Feb. 21, 1982

Dancin' fools

■ The Senate wants to make th square dance the national folk dance In September a resolution to tha effect, proposed by the Senate fiddle and minority leader, Robert C. Byr (D-W.Va.), and endorsed by Senato Strom Thurmond (R-S.C.), passe easily. Thurmond called it "a tremen dous piece of legislation."

—San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle, Feb. 14, 1982

It's really because she's left-handed

■ A federal judge has ruled that Dian Graham, the black woman who is i charge of the Office of Personnel Man agement's own affirmative-action pro grams, discriminated against a Puert Rican woman when she selected Mexican-American man, instead, t head the Hispanic Employment Pro gram.

U.S. District Judge Gerhard A Gesell ruled that Graham had denie Rocelíz Velez the position because sh was a woman; Gesell awarded Velc back pay, dating to August 1979, an court costs.

—Washington Post, Feb. 18, 1982

Military food stamps

■ Item: $14.49 for "bottle placed i [Washington, D.C., hotel] room" c Lieutenant General Leopoldo Fortu nato Galtieri of Argentina; $512 for Galtieri dinner at Chasen's in Lo Angeles with wife, three aides, an U.S. escort; $1867 for their stay a New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

Item: $34,461 in expenses for th twelve-day visit of Major Genera Brian Poananga of New Zealand an his party, including stops at Pebbl Beach (Calif.) Golf Club and the To of the Mark restaurant in San Fran cisco. . . .

These are typical entries in Penta gon expense ledgers for 1981 . . . [for a program that treats foreign militar brass to the best of everything at tax payer expense. . . .

In the 1981 fiscal year [the Penta gon's Distinguished Visitor Progran paid for] $827,617 worth of food drink, lodging, entertainment, an transportation for forty-three majo VIP tours. . . .

The program is handled officially a an intelligence activity, with the bul of its funds hidden in the classifie budget of the Defense Intelligenc Agency. . . .

—U.S. News & World Report, Mar. 8, 1982

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The 'strategic resources' fallacy

Peace and profits

HOW OFTEN HAVE WE HEARD THE "strategic resources" argument made by advocates of U.S. intervention overseas? We all know how it goes: "If we don't stop the Russians (or Cubans, or both) from moving into (fill in the blank with the name of a faraway country), they'll cut off our supply of oil (or vital minerals)."

So what do the interventionists have to say about a country that is run by Marxists, jammed to the gills with Cuban troops and Soviet advisers, and still falls all over itself to supply its oil, minerals, and raw materials to the United States? That country is Angola, and the interventionists, not surprisingly, are quick to change their rationale when its name is mentioned.

Then along comes David Rockefeller, of all people, to shatter the interventionists' case. According to a front-page *Washington Post* story, Rockefeller, "whose name is the epitome of capitalism, said today that he does not think that African Marxism is a threat to the United States or to American business interests on the continent." Rockefeller went on to tell reporters that normal relations between Angola and the United States would benefit both countries.

The cynical among us might point out that Rockefeller's name is more accurately described as the epitome of *state* capitalism, as opposed to the truly liberating capitalism of the free market, and that the Rockefeller family name has long been associated with U.S. military intervention abroad, particularly in Latin America. Nevertheless, Rockefeller's point about African Marxism and American relations with Angola is a valid one, and one that the Reagan administration has obviously missed. Angola, which came within a whisker of becoming the setting for another U.S. military adventure back in 1975 and 1976, has become a positively eager supplier of valuable resources to the United States, especially oil. Yet Reagan insists upon making it a stage for his getting-tough-on-the-communists act, and has desperately—though so far unsuccessfully—tried to get congressional approval for renewed military aid to anti-Marxist forces there.

Angola became independent from Portugal in 1975 in the midst of a three-way civil war that resulted in the clear victory of the Marxist-dominated Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), led by Agostino Neto, who became Angola's first president in 1976. The United States, through the CIA, supported another faction, the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA) of Holden Roberto, while the third and least powerful faction, Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), was left out in the cold. American support for the FNLA went far beyond mere advice: it involved $14 million and documented instances of actual military involvement by U.S. personnel.

American support of a losing cause was a double tragedy. First, there were no Cuban troops whatsoever in Angola when the CIA first began to move against the MPLA, and only 260 when actual U.S military intervention began. Thus the buildup of Cuban troops—there are now as many as 20,000 in Angola—was a response to U.S action, not the cause of it. But the grimmest, most disgusting part of the tragedy was that the United States intervened in Angola not for the purpose of winning but to prolong the fighting so that Neto's inevitable victory would not be quick and cheap. This was the revelation of John Stockwell, a member of the CIA Angola Task Force who resigned and wrote the 1978 book *In Search of Enemies: A CIA Story* after he discovered the true nature of U.S. policy. It meant that the United States was willing, for the sake of a minor propaganda point, to finance continued death and civil destruction in Angola, knowing full well that many times the $14 million it had committed to Roberto would be needed for even a chance of stopping Neto.

The Angolan *danse macabre* was abruptly halted in early 1976 with the passage of the Clark amendment by Congress, which said simply that no more money would be available to aid the CIA's chosen side in Angola. The Clark amendment is still in effect, but just barely; Reagan announced last year that he wanted it repealed, and the Senate went along, but the repeal was squelched by the full Congress last December.

Even so, Reagan continues to lend moral support to the anti-Marxist forces of Jonas Savimbi and UNITA, the same small group that lost out on the benefits of CIA largess in 1975 but which continued to fight against Neto and the current president, Eduardo dos Santos. The United States is alone among Western nations in not recognizing the dos Santos government. It's clear that Reagan yearns for the good old days of 1976 when, during his run for the Republican presidential nomination, he criticized President Ford for not being tough enough on Angola. Reagan bragged that he would have gone "eyeball to eyeball" with the Russians to force them to back down.

Whatever the relative ideological credentials of the socialist Savimbi over the Marxist dos Santos, it's clear that dos Santos has the upper hand—and with no adverse effects on any legitimate interests Americans may have in Angola. Even while the U.S. government has proclaimed that the Angolan government doesn't really exist, American businesses have been eagerly negotiating with this figment of their imagination for rights to develop oil and mineral resources. Gulf and Texaco, to name two, each have approximately $400 million committed in Angola, and it's ironic, to say the least, that they would stand to lose a bundle if Reagan ever starts using that dangerous saber he's been rattling.

There is a lesson to be learned from the economic cooperation between Angola and American businesses: it is that trade, open exchange, and the pursuit of profit can be a far

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more potent force for peace and friendship than intervention and threats. And it's high time that lesson were engraved on the office walls of the Reagan administration's foreign-policy makers. Would they honestly prefer a renewed, heightened conflict in Angola and a potential superpower confrontation to the prospects of open, peaceful, and mutually beneficial relations between the two countries? More to the point, would the American people?

When no policy is best

Trampling the regulatory fences

THE FACT THAT THE INFORMATION AGE IS upon us is hardly news to anybody who reads magazines, watches television, or has taken a peek at the TRS-80 computer in the neighborhood Radio Shack. The coming telecommunications revolution is a dead cliché; the future is at hand. But the recent Justice Department consent decree that will sever AT&T from its twenty-two regional telephone companies has stirred up new debate about our telecom future. Already politicians are mumbling about the dangers of an "unleashed" AT&T, and questioning whether Washington is suffering from some telecom "policy vacuum" leaving it impotent.

We should be so lucky.

Government is brimming with telecommunications policies: regulations from the federal level, the FCC and Justice Department; regulations from the state level, all those public utility commissions; even regulations at the local level, where cable companies are regularly shaken down by city fathers bestowing monopoly favors. Rather than deepening the government's intervention into telecommunications, we need to end it. Across the board—no more directives from Washington, no more antitrust suits or threats, no more government restraint of trade, and no more government-granted monopoly privileges.

The communications epoch we are about to enter will not result from a single invention like the telephone. The basic components—computers, satellite broadcasting, cellular radio, cable television, microwave networks, low-power television, electronic publishing—are all proven technologies. It will be the networking, or interconnecting, of these newly affordable consumer technologies that will spur the telecommunications revolution.

But the technology must contend with a vast array of regulations, thinly disguised as consumer protection—arbitrary regulatory "fences" that sprawl across the legal landscape like some telecommunications gerrymander. Newspaper chains like Knight-Ridder that own cable-television systems are experimenting with videotext transmissions that pump the morning paper into the home by cable. How will the FCC commissioners be able to apply their "fairness doctrine" to a broadcast version of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* without destroying the First Amendment? Likewise, AT&T's attempts to put its lucrative Yellow Pages classified advertising on the tube and supplement it with news copy is giving the American Newspaper Publishers Association fits. The publishers are fighting viciously in the courts and legislatures to bar this new competitor and fence it safely back into the phone business. Even Uncle Sam is going telecom, offering the Postal Service's electronic mail, E-COM; and E-COM's unsubsidized competitors like Exxon are rightfully screaming holy hell. The regulatory fences are collapsing under this electronic stampede. Predictably, it is the entrenched and politically powerful communications companies that are crying out for new fences, lest they face the awful specter of competition.

The real losers in this struggle, of course, are consumers who end up facing higher prices and fewer choices. Just as the National Association of Broadcasters retarded the growth of cable for over a decade by helping to bring it under the restrictive arm of the FCC, today broadcasters and cablecasters are helping the government drag its heels on the adoption of a direct satellite broadcasting system that could offer a wide selection of television entertainment to even the most remote homes in America. The advent of AM-radio stereo has been stymied for over a decade while four out of five AM stereo technologies have fought it out in the courts, not the market, for a government-granted monopoly. Phone companies have been denied the right to buy cable companies or offer data processing, and until recently there has been no free market in telephone equipment supply. And AT&T has used every political ploy in the book to prevent long-distance telephone service upstarts like MCI and Sprint from offering cost-cutting service, while barring the thirteen-year-old technology of cellular radio-portable telephones—from the market.

The ironic thing about the monopoly privileges that the established telecommunications companies have fought for so tenaciously all these years is they aren't even a good investment. AT&T recognized this when it signed the consent decree and abandoned its twenty-two regional and *regulated* telephone companies. The newly slimmed down AT&T has only one regulated operation—Long Lines, the long-distance service. The powers at AT&T have conceded that the best return on investment comes in areas where they are forced to compete, like manufacturing, inventions and data processing. Of course, they still aren't too fond of competition; the carefully-worded AT&T consent decree prohibits the twenty-two regional phone companies, telecommunications giants in their own right, from entering unregulated business and following Ma Bell into the profitable future of the telecommunications revolution.

This revolution can't be regulated; these fences can't be rebuilt. More and more companies are figuring out how to slip around the regulations. Latest examples: Citibank, which has set up its own internal phone network, and the AP and UPI news services, which now funnel their stories to clients through satellites instead of long-distance lines. And as cable television is wedded to new technologies it will develop into an alternative to telephone service. The examples are endless.

The telecommunications future will come no matter what sort of new fences the government erects. But whether that future arrives, and whether it benefits the corporate state alliance or America's citizens, will depend on whether we regulate the regulators out of business.

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National insecurity

LAST APRIL RONALD REAGAN GRANTED full presidential pardons to two convicted criminals, W. Mark Felt and Edward S. Miller. Felt and Miller, once high-ranking FBI officials, were convicted of authorizing illegal burglaries to ather information on the friends and relatives of Weather Underground fugitives. Reagan's pardon of the two men 'Crime pays," *INQUIRY*, May 25, 1981] provoked an nderstandable outcry from a number of publications, rganizations, and individuals—including a number of inocent citizens who felt thay had been personally injured nd abused by the criminal machinations of Felt and Mil:r. But members of the Reagan admininistration emphatially insisted the pardon was justified, saying the two burlars had been acting in the name of "national security."

The invocation of national security carried a hollow, perficial ring. The two crooks had not requested a preslential pardon, and it was as if a decision to pardon them ad been made for no apparent reason and a heavyweight stification had to be quickly found to back it up. Many oubted the sincerity of the administration, and their skepcism was soon strengthened by Felt. In a statement to the press, he unwittingly revealed the true intentions of the administration when he said, "This is going to be the biggest shot in the arm for the intelligence community for a long time."

A year later Felt's comment stands with frightening accuracy. The questionable pardon of Felt and Miller was just the first example of the Reagan administration's deepening obsession with national security—an obsession that would drive the administration to seek a drastic expansion of unrestricted government police powers, at the expense of the right of individual citizens to be free from unwarranted searches and seizures.

On the heels of the pardon, CIA Director William J. Casey asked Congress for legislation that would allow the FBI to raid newsrooms just to check and see if names and information relating to CIA agents and sources might be on the premises. Casey sought an amendment to legislation restricting the Supreme Court's *Stanford Daily* decision that authorized police to swear out search warrants against innocent people who might have information pertaining to a law-enforcement investigation. Casey was supported by Attorney General William French Smith. Presidential counselor Edwin Meese was already on record as strongly supporting the 1978 *Stanford Daily* ruling: he said the press, rather than exercising its First Amendment rights, was acting as if it felt itself "above the law." Casey, Smith, and Meese should have said what they really meant—that any individual, organization, or institution like the press that did not buy the administration's reverence for national security was automatically suspect, a potential outlaw subject to surveillance, searches and seizures, and detainment. And the restrictive view of freedom shared by Casey, Smith, Meese, and other members of the administration was soon to make itself boldly clear.

In August Ed Meese told the American Bar Association that the Department of Defense "is now inventorying all of the unused military bases around the country to see what facilities there might be available" to hold state and local prisoners. His statements appeared at the same time the Reagan administration was drafting the executive order that would remove restrictions on CIA activities and place more Americans than ever before under CIA surveillance. Meese could have told the ABA what the administration had in mind: If you expand prison facilities, you expect to *fill them up; if you allow unrestricted surveillance* of citizens, you have a number of likely candidates for imprisonment. (Meese didn't point out that we would have plenty of prison cells if we quit locking up people for prostitution, homosexuality, smoking marijuana, and the like.) He followed that up by suggesting the abolition of the exclusionary rule, which prevents police from going to court with evidence obtained in illegal searches. The exclusionary rule is admittedly an imperfect protection from the ravages of unchecked police power—but for the moment it is all we have. Now Meese proposes that we abolish it.

There is always a clear and present danger in an administration obsessed with national security: it is that those obstinate enough to hold different political, social, or cultural values will become, by definition, criminals. We have been through this process, not so many administrations ago. Now, amid new cries for national security, Casey and Smith are asking for expanded police powers while Meese looks for new prisons. A thoughtful citizen need not be considered paranoid if he wonders what it all means.

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LETTERS

Guns and money . . .

I AM AMAZED AT YOUR ARticle "Why Gun Control Can't Work" [Feb. 28]. When figures comparing 1979 figures for handgun deaths in various countries show five or six countries with deaths in each of less than 100, compared to U.S. deaths for the same period of over 10,000, surely any thinking American should be concerned.

The advocates of handgun control are not asking for the banning of handguns but control through licensure and proper purchasing procedures. It is amazing that the fee to be a licensed gun dealer is a mere $10, and that the required application form to purchase a handgun is never thoroughly checked or verified. Advocates of handgun control are not opposed to their use for legitimate purposes such as target shooting but are concerned about the proliferation of deaths and injuries by "Saturday night specials" and other easily concealed weapons. It is time we took measures to control the senseless loss of life.

AARON M. LAUTER
Claymont, Del.

. . . guns and liquor . . .

YOUR ARTICLE "WHY GUN Control Can't Work" is highly persuasive in arguing that any attempt at gun "control" is a waste of time and money, like prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment. This leads me to think about the difference between "prohibition" and "control." Prohibition didn't work because a large proportion of Americans were going to have booze, period.

Presently, we have booze control: heavy taxation, state and local control, or even dry cities, towns, and counties. Does it stop drunk driving? No. Shall we repeal the laws against drunk driving because they are evaded, avoided, flouted? Automobile licensing, drivers' licensing: have they stopped (or slowed down?) death and maiming on the highways, or car theft? Why not abandon car and driver's licensing? All any law or any enforcement thereof can do is to slow crime down, and help the general public operate in peace and quiet. Gun *control* is a step in that direction.

SAM M. TAYLOR
Taylorville, Ill.

. . . guns and the Holocaust.

TO MAKE A POINT-BY-POINT refutation of David Hardy's article "Why Gun Control Can't Work" would be a bit too consuming of my time. However, typical of Hardy's research and *INQUIRY* oversight is the Orlando anecdote about "6000 blood-crazed women" who learned handgun self-defense and turned crime around in that city. Great story; too bad it never happened.

In 1967 (when Hardy in other writings tells us that this self-defense program occured) the Orlando rape rate was 8.1 per 100,000 according to the FBI Uniform Crime Reports. In the following four years rape made a direct and continuous increase to 29.7 per 100,000! In fact, murder, robbery, aggravated assault, and burglary all increased anywhere from 10 to 100 percent. Now I recognize that *INQUIRY* and its foundation have had some trouble with historical facts, particularly with the Jews and World War II, but see if you can get this straight: "The Orlando story never happened and the Jewish Holocaust did." Take notes, there may be a pop quiz!!

SAMUEL S. FIELDS
National Coalition to Ban Handguns
Washington, D.C.

THE EDITORS reply:

Mr. Lauter's statistics are hardly persuasive; although there are certainly gun-controlled countries where murder rates are lower than that of the United States, there are also some where the rates are much higher (Mexico and Jamaica, to name two of the most egregious examples). Likewise, there are countries where gun ownership is much more widespread than it is in the United States, but crime rates are lower (Israel, Norway, and Switzerland are three such cases). Comparing crime rates in different countries is virtually meaningless, because social and cultural conditions vary so widely. And Mr. Lauter's belief that if guns can just be priced out of the reach of poor people, crime wil decline, is not worthy of argument.

Mr. Taylor points out that no law ever completely eliminates crime. Bu he misses the point; gun-control law have no demonstrable effect on crime and they *do* injure the innocent.

As for Mr. Fields, it isn't the leas bit surprising that he can't find time t mount a serious attack on the article In three years of public debates wit its author, David Hardy, Mr. Field has never been able to rebut the thre comprehensive studies that show gu control does not affect crime. Nor ca he come up with an example of a gu law that has cut crime.

Nor is it surprising that he misdate the Orlando program in order to jug gle statistics. The gun-education pro gram there began in 1966, when th rape rate was 17.1 per 100,000. Th following year, as Mr. Fields admits the rate had fallen to 8.1. But troubl with numbers is quite typical of Mr Fields and the National Coalition t Ban Handguns. In 1979, according t a report they filed in New York, th group raised $438,000—not bad for a organization with only three employ ees. Unfortunately, they plowed som $301,000—nearly three-quarters— back into their fundraising operation and ran a $1000 deficit.

What *is* surprising is Mr. Fields' contention that "*INQUIRY* and it foundation have had some troubl with historical fact, particularly wit the Jews and World War II." Neithe *INQUIRY* nor the Libertarian Revie Foundation have ever said, or implied that the Holocaust didn't occur. W have no doubt that it *did* occur. Suc an utter, total distortion of fact by M Fields is too overwhelming to b considered merely an error; he i quite simply, a liar.

It is also rather surprising that h brings up the Holocaust in connectio with gun control. Perhaps he shoul use some of his organization's mone to finance a visit to the Holocaus Museum in West Galilee. There h could see the exhibit of weapons tha Jews used in the Warsaw Ghetto up rising of 1943. They're all handguns— the same weapons that Mr. Fields an his group would like to ban.

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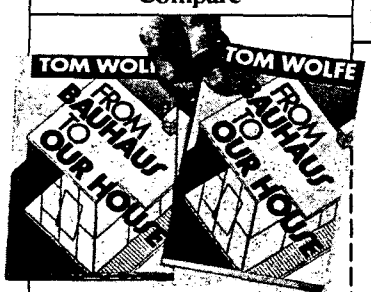

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JOHN SACK

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GOOD MORNING. IT'S eight o'clock, I've had eight hours sleep, but I've been told I can't sleep in the outhouse (by order of the authorities: *stamp*) in San Jose, California. I can't sleep in my trash-can in Lubbock, Texas, my dog kennel in Wallace, Idaho, my bathtub in Detroit, Michigan, my refrigerator in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, or in the Kentucky State House. A bed isn't dangerous, though, said a judge in St. Louis, Missouri, and I've slept in a bed, providentially. But I can't snore (according to more authorities: *blop*) in Dunn, North Carolina. At eight o'clock, I rise, shine, and go to the tile-walled bathroom to brush myself with Crest and wash myself with Zest.

The cap of my tube of Crest is approved by the food and drug commissioner if it doesn't melt at 320 degrees or dissolve in antioxidated xylene. The aquamarine of my Zest was approved after being fed (*fed!*) to 3000 rats, to 800 mice, to 100 rabbits, and to four dozen omnivorous dogs. Well, thank you, Mr. Commissioner! Now, I can eat my Zest without fear of cancer even though I just wash with it this morning, singing, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" But I can't sing in the shower in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I can't sing off-key in Charlotte, North Carolina, and I can't sing,

It ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo',
It ain't gonna rain no mo'

in Oneida, Tennessee. Jesus, do they *enforce* that?

Drying myself, I put on my pants of American upland cotton as defined by another authority, the secretary of agriculture, in his section twenty-eight. To keep my pants up, I can't wear suspenders in Nogales, Arizona, and I can't tuck them into my cowboy boots in Madisonville, Texas, if I do not own cows. I ought to go to bed again but I can't in Minot, North Dakota, if I'm in my cowboy boots. In the seventeenth century in Paris, France, I couldn't wear pants if there weren't forty threads (or forty-four, or forty-eight: it fluctuated) in each square *pouce*—by order of Louis—and in that same century in Boston, Massachusetts, I couldn't wear pants with lace—by order of the General Court, "under penalty of the forfeiture of such clothes." In China I couldn't wear pants if they weren't white or black in the Sung dynasty, or white or yellow in the T'ang dynasty, or blue or green in the Han dynasty, on penalty of ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty lashes on my bare bottom, though

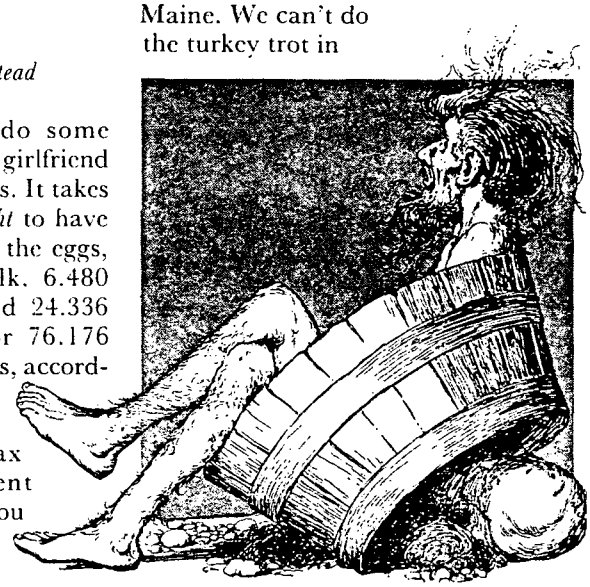
Sound old rulers, it is said,
Left people to themselves, instead

according to Lao-tzu.

At half past eight, I do some omelettes for me and my girlfriend here in the Rocky Mountains. It takes me, oh, ten minutes. It *ought* to have taken me 4.932 seconds for the eggs, 2.340 seconds for the milk, 6.480 seconds to beat them, and 24.336 seconds to cook them, or 76.176 seconds for our two omelettes, according to the secretary of agriculture in a $40,000 report—$40,000 of your tax money, though he spent $300,000 more to caution you to "Avoid cholesterol." I can't have a rotten egg in Indianola, Iowa, and my chicken can't lay an egg before eight o'clock in Norfolk, Virginia. Why won't a chicken cross a road in Quitman, Georgia? Because, "It shall be unlawful to allow chickens to run on the streets." And I can't eat a sausage along with my omelette in Bnai Brak, Israel, or in Helena, Arkansas, in June, July, and August. "It shall not be lawful to sell in the city, sausage," the law said, but it was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Arkansas. Once breakfast is finished, my girlfriend must do the dirty dishes—that, or be drowned in the twentieth century B.C. in Babylon.

We water the pothos. We can't have a marijuana plant, but we can have henbane, hellebore, and poison hemlock, and we can't have a dandelion, in Pueblo, Colorado. We feed the parakeets. We can't have a parakeet in Atlanta, Georgia, if we haven't a parakeet permit from the Poultry Association. We can't have a hippopotamus in Los Angeles, California, a wild lion in Alderson, West Virginia, a little brown bat in Stillwater, Missouri, a wild camel in Galveston, Texas, and we can't hitch a crocodile to a fire hydrant in Ann Arbor, Michigan. At nine o'clock, my girlfriend sits down to her loom and I write on my yellow pad, "I write on my yellow pad." All permissible. But there was an authority in *Phaedrus*, by Plato, who was opposed to the ABCs, stating, "It will produce forgetfulness." The man's name was deleted.

My friend's name is Maria. She can't sit on my lap (without a pillow on it) in Norman, Oklahoma. I can't tickle her in Norton, Virginia, or use a feather duster to tickle her in Portland, Maine. We can't do the turkey trot in



Iowa City, Iowa, or the angleworm wiggle in Belt, Montana, or go and play shuffleboard in the seventeenth century in Hartford, Connecticut—"Much precious time is spent unfruitfully," said the General Court. We can't play poker, hokey-pokey, or *rouge et noir*—no, not even penny ante, but we can play stocks and bonds for $1 million, in San Francisco, California. We can't put a penny in our pretty ears in Honolulu, Hawaii—do they obey that

JOHN SACK is a writer in Los Angeles. This article has been adapted from his book, Fingerprint, which is scheduled to be published in the autumn of 1982.

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in Honolulu or do they worry as in *The People, Yes*,

Why did the children
Put beans in their ears
When the one thing we told the children
They must not do
Was put beans in their ears?

I can't call Maria a bitch in Torrington, Wyoming, and she can't call me a sonofabitch in Paducah, Kentucky—"Such words excite violent resentment," said the chief justice of Kentucky.

I can kiss Maria for one second only in Halethorpe, Maryland, for five seconds only in Holstein, Iowa, but I can't even hug her in Macon, Georgia. Here in Ketchum, Idaho, I can't put my ding in her dong without a $10 license from the county clerk. If I do, I'm liable for $300, and 3000 men are convicted each year in America. Even licensed, I can't put it in her mouth—to our north, a man who did it in Wallace, Idaho, got five years minimum for his most heinous crime. And it's also heinous in South Dakota. It's bestial in Alabama, morbid in Kansas, depraved in North Carolina, degenerate in Indiana, detestable in Mississippi, loathsome in Missouri, loathsome in Florida ("The punishment was death, sometimes burning alive," said the Supreme Court of Florida, "but such punishment has been modified"). It's filthy in Oregon, filthy in Delaware, filthy in Maine, but all right in Pennsylvania if I've been licensed by the county clerk. I don't know why the county clerk cares, and I can't even have my *wife* in Florence, Oregon—"No person shall while in or in view of a public or private place perform an act of sexual intercourse." Do they mean in a private place in view of a public place? I can't do my oui-oui on Maria in Salem, Oregon, and someone who did it in Salem got fifteen years in the state penitentiary. I can masturbate in Reno, Nevada, but Maria can't.

Sonofabitch! Excuse me, Paducah, Kentucky, but I've just woken up and I'm liable for life imprisonment! God help me if I go outside—I've got to wear pants in Phoenix, Arizona, my shirt in Toomsboro, Georgia, and my shoes with the shoelaces tied in Bangor, Maine. In my youth, a man was fined for his yellow shorts in Yonkers, New York, but the court of appeals overruled it—"This ordinance goes too far." I can't arrive in my wheelbarrow in Topeka, Kansas, or my baby carriage in Roderfield, West Virginia.

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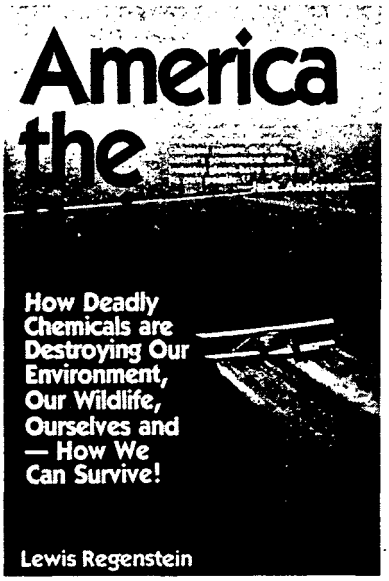
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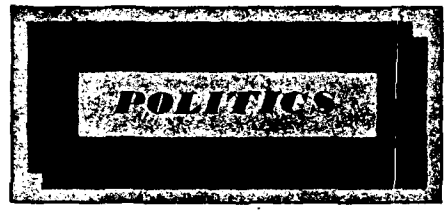
I can't roll barrels in Pensacola, Florida, or hoops in Triadelphia, West Virginia. I can't throw confetti in Borger, Texas, and I don't want to. I can't pour pickle water on the railroad tracks in Central Falls, Rhode Island, or soap in Magnolia, Mississippi, or salt in Andalusia, Alabama, or I get ten years minimum in the state penitentiary. I can't laugh hilariously in Helena, Montana, or frown in Pocatello, Idaho—"These reflect unfavorably upon the reputation of Pocatello and are hereby declared illegal." And I can't gargle in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, or sneeze in Asheville, North Carolina, or spit into the wind in Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan. "Ptui" I say, and I'll paraphrase John Stuart Mill: "There are reasons for remonstrating with me or reasoning with me but not for compelling me!"

The authorities! Damn them, I say. But I can't damn them in Youngstown, Ohio. I can't throw rotten eggs at them in Rawson, Ohio, or onions in Princeton, Texas, or coal (if it's three inches wide) in Harlan, Kentucky, and I can't put a skunk in their desks in Lansing, Michigan. I give up. I can't even scream in Cos Cob, Connecticut, or go out and get drunk in Monmouth, Oregon, or commit suicide in Newark, New Jersey—if I do I'm liable for six months' imprisonment, although, as the state supreme court said, "the offense is rarely charged." Well, thank you, Mr. Justice! Your mercy is not strained, sir! But when will you bigwigs listen to Lao-tzu?

If we keep from meddling with people,
They take care of themselves.
If we keep from commanding people,
They behave themselves.
If we keep from preaching at people,
They improve themselves.
If we keep from imposing on people,
They become themselves.

In other words, lemme go!

"If our destruction comes, it will be because [of] men who were only flesh and blood," says a retired presidential press-secretary. No, the bigwigs aren't sinister people, but I say they're people, period, and the best and the brightest are as imperfect as I am at administering my one and only life. In fact, they're worse, for they haven't even met me. Now hear me, America! I learned long ago and I've learned again, I mustn't indenture myself to any authorities but me, myself, my shadow, and I. So long live me! The most efficient ruler of me! Viva John Sack!



SAUL LANDAU & JOHN DINGES

The truth behind 'Missing'

'MISSING,' THE NEW FILM by Costa-Gavras starring Sissy Spacek and Jack Lemmon, is the first American feature movie to confront the questions of official U.S. complicity in the brutal military coup that overthrew Chilean President Salvador Allende on September 11, 1973. Controversy breeds controversy, and *Missing* has incited a spate of political comment from the State Department, newspaper columnists, and film reviewers. The questions it raises—Was the United States involved in the coup? Did the American embassy cover up, or even conspire in, the death of an American citizen during the coup?—are answered only suggestively in the film, but they resonate against the political backdrop of growing U.S. involvement in El Salvador and reports of a covert campaign to "destabilize" Nicaragua.

The plot of *Missing* "is based on a true story," the film informs us at the outset. "The incidents and facts are documented. Some of the names have been changed to protect the innocent and also to protect the film." It opens shortly after the military coup in Chile. Two young Americans, Charles Horman and Terry Simon (their real names are used in the film), find themselves stranded at the Chilean resort town of Viña del Mar. There they meet an American military adviser in civilian clothes, Arthur P. Creter (Carter Babcock in the film), who exults about the coup and boasts, "We came down to do a job, and it's done." (Horman recorded the conversation in his diary.) Horman meets other gleeful military officials at Viña, including Captain Ray Davis (Captain Tower in the film) and Lieutenant Colonel Patrick Ryan (Lieutenant Colonel Scan Patrick in the film). Ryan arranges for Davis to drive Horman and Simon back to Santiago, using Davis's military status to pass through roadblocks. Several days later a truckload of troops arrive at Horman's home and take him away to the national stadium, where thousands of political prisoners are being held. Horman then disappears. The Chilean government denies having any record of his arrest. Horman's wife, Joyce (Beth in the film), and his conservative father, Edmund, begin their search for Charles with the "help" of the embassy. Ed Horman initially regards the embassy staff as friends, but begins to change his mind after the embassy, obviously a powerful force in Chilean affairs, continues to protest its ignorance about his son and its innocence in the bloody repression that surrounds them. His confidence further wanes when a contact tips him off that Charles has been killed by the military and that the embassy knows this. The film ends with Ed Horman's horrible realization that Charles was a victim of a brutal military putsch that had the complicity of the U.S. government. It leaves open the question of whether Charles's abduction could have been arranged by some Americans to keep him from reporting what he had learned at Viña del Mar about the U.S. military's role in the coup.

Within days of the movie's release, a jittery State Department rushed out a three-page rebuttal. It consisted of simple assertions that the embassy had no advance knowledge of Horman's intended fate and did everything possible to locate him after his disappearance. "The Department regrets the sad death of Charles Horman," the statement concluded, "as well as the efforts by some to read into it possible involvement by the United States government and its officials, which the record indicates is wholly unwarranted."

New York Times columnist Flora Lewis also sallied forth with an influential rebuttal to the politics of *Missing*. She derided the film's claim to historical truth, charging that its one-sidedness "raises serious ethical, moral, and political as well as artistic questions." Lewis claimed that all responsible accounts agreed that after

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1970 "the United States channeled funds to political parties, press, and radio stations in Chile but stayed away from violent right-wingers and military plots," and thus bore no responsibility for the coup. "He is so sure of his convictions, seems to feel so little need of specific evidence to support his deductions from his sense of the general iniquity of power, that one is driven to ask whether his attitudes derive from the fact that he is Greek." Lewis's remarks convinced other film reviewers (including the *Times*'s Vincent Canby and *INQUIRY*'s Stephen Harvey, whose review begins on p. 34) to deplore the sullying of the film's esthetic qualities by dishonest politics.

But is the film inaccurate or misleading? To enter a debate about fact or fiction in moving pictures one must begin with an axiom: Nothing that appears on the screen is true; that is, nothing projected through a magnifying glass and brightly illuminated in a larger-than-life image can be anything more than a picture. *Missing*, moreover, makes no claim to being a documentary or a filmed legal brief. Yet it does convey a powerful, and essentially accurate, image of the Chilean tragedy and of U.S. involvement therein. For those who were in Chile during the coup, the film is like a series of devastating flashbacks to real life, to real terror. The brilliant recreation of the random violence, the all-pervasive fear, the ominous curfew, makes *Missing* an important document, not documentary. Yet Lewis, by exonerating the United States government on the word of the accused, casts doubt on the entire gamut of images in the film, and their moral impact.

One of the authors of this article, John Dinges, was an American freelance journalist living in Chile in September 1973. He knew Charles Horman and the other American victim of the junta's executioners, Frank Teruggi. In short, Dinges lived through the same situations and nightmares as the characters in *Missing*.

To one who was there in those days, the film's verisimilitude is overwhelming. In every scene, in nearly every detail, the film jogs memories and half-forgotten sensations. That's the way it was: the terrible tension, the jumpiness, the anger and outrage, the terror, punctuated by the constant crackle of automatic-rifle fire around the city day and night for weeks on end. Virtually every image in the film that evokes the climate of terror after the coup parallels what Dinges himself experienced, or heard described by eyewitnesses:

■ The harrowing after-curfew scenes show how Horman's wife is forced to hide in doorways and alleys from rampaging soldiers using citizens for target practice in a free-fire zone. On September 13 one of Dinges's housemates arrived home four hours after curfew telling a similar story—he had been arrested early in the day, then "released" onto the street after curfew and forced to dodge patrols and bullets for many blocks before scaling an iron gate and arriving, panicked and exhausted, into the relative safety of home.

■ The brutal and arbitrary arrests, house searches, and book burnings became a fact of existence. Dinges was lined up against a wall with a rifle butt in his back a block from his house the first time he ventured out. Two days later twenty-five soldiers arrived in a city bus lined with hay bales for protection. They tore the house apart and burned hundreds of books in his back yard. In both cases, Dinges later learned, the soldiers' action followed neighbors' reports of "suspicious, bearded foreigners" in the house.

■ As the film shows, transportation of prisoners forced to lie flat on the floor of trucks was a common and disconcerting sight. No one could tell whether they were dead or alive.

■ An American friend of Dinges described leaning over a Santiago bridge—as the Hormans do in the film—with a crowd of people to watch a bloated body float faceup in the Mapocho River.

■ No scene was as nightmarish as that in the Santiago morgue. A *Newsweek* reporter who went there recorded his ghastly vision of more than 200 bodies lined up like cordwood. Ed and Joyce Horman went there in vain to look for Charles. (Their discovery of Frank Teruggi's body is one of the few moments of fiction in the film; he was actually found by others.)

■ The U.S. embassy at the time, and the State Department in Washington, steadfastly backed up the Chilean regime's denials of all summary executions and atrocities. Three years later, however, embassy officials admitted to Dinges that they had information that 3000 to 5000 people had been killed in the days following the coup. The Hormans suffered a more personal form of deception. When Ed Horman arrived in Santiago on October 5, 1973, Ambassador Nathaniel Davis told him that his son was probably in hiding, perhaps with other leftists. Yet one day earlier Davis had cabled Washington with information, including eyewitness accounts, of Charles Horman's arrest and detention by the military.

For more than a decade before the coup, the U.S. made a regular practice of subverting Chilean politics, spending tens of millions of dollars to influence elections.

ARE WE NOW TO TAKE Davis's word that the embassy was not involved in the coup? The events of September 11, 1973, cannot be understood apart from their wider context. For more than a decade before the coup, the United States had made a regular practice of subverting Chilean politics. As former Ambassador Edward Korry has related, the Kennedy and Johnson administrations pumped tens of millions of dollars into Chile—a vast sum for such a small country—to influence elections. In 1970 the Nixon administration tried the same tactic, but failed. On June 27 the White House, responding to pleas from Ambassador Korry, approved funding for a "spoiling" operation against presidential candidate Salvador Allende, leader of the leftist Popular Unity coalition. In all the CIA spent about $1 million to direct the course of the election, subsidizing right-wing "civil action" groups, organizing a "scare campaign" through its media outlets, and disseminating "black propaganda" to

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sow dissent between the various parties within Allende's coalition.

Allende nonetheless won a plurality in the September election. Under the Chilean constitution, a joint session of Congress was scheduled to choose between the first- and second-place finishers. President Nixon and national security adviser Henry Kissinger met with CIA director Richard Helms on September 15 to plan a course of action. Helms's notes of the meeting were brief but eloquent:

> One in ten chance perhaps, but save Chile!
> worth spending
> not concerned risks involved
> no involvement of embassy
> $10,000,000 available, more if necessary
> full-time job—best men we have
> game plan
> make the economy scream
> 48 hours for plan of action

"If I ever carried a marshal's baton out of the Oval Office," Helms later testified, "it was that day."

The CIA began to implement White House orders on September 21, with a cable of new instructions to the chief of station in Santiago. "Purpose of exercise is to prevent Allende assumption of power," the cable read. "Parliamentary legerdemain has been discarded. Military solution is objective." Aside from gathering intelligence on potential coup plotters, and assuring them of U.S. backing, the key to the CIA's program was black propaganda to overcome "the apolitical, constitutional-oriented inertia of the Chilean military," as one CIA report put it. The CIA instructed its Santiago station to "create a coup climate by propaganda, disinformation, and terrorist activities intended to provoke the left to give a pretext for a coup." Ultimately the CIA went so far as to sanction, and assist in, the kidnapping of General René Schneider, a fiercely constitutionalist military officer who stood in the way of a coup. The kidnap was bungled and Schneider was killed.

None of these plots stopped Allende from being confirmed by the Chilean congress as the country's new president. But—contrary to Flora Lewis and Ambassador Davis—the Nixon administration did not simply accept defeat and confine its aid to the "democratic opposition." Instead, CIA subsidies were lavished on extremist newspapers, anti-Allende business associations, and even, through third parties, on the right-wing terrorist group Patria y Libertad. According to a Senate report, "A CIA project renewal memorandum concluded that . . . media outlets supported by the Agency had played an important role in setting the stage for the September 11, 1973, military coup which overthrew Allende." The CIA's goal remained what it had been in September 1970. "As far as I was concerned, Track II [the original coup plot] was really never ended," testified the CIA's chief of covert operations, Thomas Karamessines, in 1975. ". . . What we were told to do was to continue our efforts. Stay alert, and to do what we could to contribute to the eventual achievement of the objectives and purposes of Track II."

Thus the CIA continued its "deception operations" to convince Chilean officers that only a coup d'état could save them from communist subversion; it collected operational intelligence necessary in the event of a coup, including lists of dissidents to be arrested and key government installations that would have to be taken over; and it stepped up its contacts with members of the military thought to be susceptible to its propaganda. "It is clear," observed the Senate Intelligence Committee's report on the CIA in Chile, "the CIA received intelligence reports on the coup planning of the group which carried out the successful September 11 coup throughout the months of July, August, and September 1973." Moreover, the CIA's contact with that group "included activity which went beyond the mere collection of information."

It all becomes rather less important, then, just what role the CIA or the embassy played on the day of the coup. Flora Lewis cited investigative reporter Seymour Hersh as having found no evidence of U.S. involvement "in the actual Pinochet coup" (Hersh has since added that his findings don't rule that out, either), but that is hardly surprising. All the elements were in place thanks to years of U.S. covert intervention. The Chilean military was fully capable of staging the final act.

The Senate Intelligence Committee's investigation of the CIA in Chile did not explore the role of the U.S. military, which enjoyed closer ties to the leaders of the coup. One of these American officers was Lieutenant Colonel Patrick Ryan (Sean Patrick in the film), who headed the U.S. Naval Mission in Chile. Ryan has admitted learning the exact date of the coup two or three days in advance, and passing it on to his superiors. "We had good information," he told *Newsday* in 1977. "I had a good tube, a good pipeline. And I was only one portion of that input." So much for the White House assurances on September 13, 1973, that "reports that we had advance knowledge of this coup are incorrect."

One of Ryan's closest colleagues, Captain Ray Davis (Captain Tower in the film), was head of the U.S. Military Group in Chile. Davis drove Charles Horman and his friends back to Santiago from Viña del Mar. In 1977 Davis ticked off a list of junta members, leaders of the coup, whom the Americans had cultivated—Admiral Toribio Merino, Admiral Sergio Huidobro, General Augusto Pinochet, and others. "They're all like brothers," Davis told *Newsday*. Davis later recommended Ryan for the Legion of Merit for his role in the trying days before and after the coup.

In a "situation report" filed October 1, 1973, Ryan described how the coup began. "Our D-day started with a foreboding 0630 hammering on the front door by Ignacio Martínez, a retired Marine officer and very close friend, who was later identified as one of the key local planners in the coup d'état. . . . Ignacio proudly announced the long expected D-day had arrived. . . . Ignacio recommended all U.S. personnel stay undercover, asked for our prayers, and then rushed off to carry out his duties." Praising the military's blow to "world Marxism," Ryan commented, "What perhaps history will ask in retrospect is not 'Why the overthrow of the Allende government by the armed forces,' but rather 'Why the armed forces waited so long?'"

For Joyce and Ed Horman, of course, Charles was more than a regrettable sacrifice in the campaign to free Chile from "world Marxism." *Missing* captures the full poignancy and pain of their discoveries and disillusionment in the aftermath of the bloody coup that took his life. *Missing* does not prove that the United States was culpable in the coup—better documentation is available for that. But as the first American film to confront the horror of that time, its impact on the consciousness and conscience of American citizens promises to weigh a thousand times more heavily than all the exposés and congressional investigations that have told the story before. ❑

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HOW TO REALLY CUT THE BUDGET

BY DAVID BOAZ

DAVID GERGEN MUST HAVE FELT A strange sense of déjà vu. For two weeks the congressional leaders had been lambasting the president's new budget, screaming at new "cuts," wailing at the huge deficit. Every day Gergen conducted a press briefing at the White House and listened as the reporters quoted some new congressional attack. Finally a reporter asked if the White House wasn't getting tired of it all, if it didn't plan to back off. No, Gergen said; no "fundamental retreats" were in the works.

What, a reporter asked, was "fundamental"?

"I guess it's like obscenity," Gergen answered. "You'll know it when you see it."

With such bold, enlightened leadership does the administration plunge ahead into the budget thickets, fearlessly confronting $90 billion deficits, refusing to shrink from the occasional liberal charging out of the underbrush, barely acknowledging the conservative Cassandras who predict eternal hellfire for the soul that countenances twelve-digit red ink.

And why not? President Reagan assures us that his new budget "faithfully adheres" to his mandate to "reduce the size of government." The special interests and court intellectuals who flock toward government like moths toward light take him at his word, flailing away at his ostensible budget cuts.

Amid all this rhetoric, the facts are hard to come by. President Reagan's budget proposes to spend $757.6 billion in 1983, up from a projected $725.3 billion in 1982 and $657.2 billion in 1981. To those of us raised on the old math, where a budget cut meant that the budget was lower than last year's, that is not a budget cut at all—it is a $32 billion budget increase.

In fact we can expect it to be substantially higher than that. The Congressional Budget Office estimates that 1983 expenditures will actually amount to $809 billion. Over the past few years, spending has almost always run higher than expected. In 1978, for instance, President Carter estimated that the 1981 budget would be $575 billion. In 1979 he was still predicting only $578 billion. By 1980 he had increased his estimate to $616 billion. Spending in 1981 actually amounted to $657 billion. Given this history, we will be fortunate to see 1983 spending held under $800 billion. Likewise, although Reagan predicts a budget deficit of $91.5 billion, nearly everyone agrees that ultimately that figure will soar over $100 billion.

We are told that it is too difficult to cut the budget, that 78 percent of the budget is "uncontrollable," that people will suffer if spending is cut. These excuses are just a charade designed to conceal the fact that Congress and the administration—any administration—don't really want to cut spending. Too many special interests depend on the federal budget, and the public demand for reduced spending is too diffuse to offset them.

The fact is, people are suffering *now*—from excessive federal taxing and spending. Young people can't afford to buy housing, parents can't afford college tuition, businesses can't afford to expand, entrepreneurs with a new idea can't get financing, the unemployed can't find jobs, the elderly can't keep up with rising prices. Moreover, there are people who are hurt directly by government programs—potential entrepreneurs shut out of cartelized industries, workers denied jobs by minimum-wage laws, honest citizens harassed by the FBI or the Drug Enforcement Administration, and 220 million Americans whose lives are endangered by the Reagan administration's hawkish military policies. All of these people would benefit from drastically reduced levels of taxes, spending, deficits, and government activity, yet we never read their stories in the newspapers.

Instead we're bombarded with heart-rending articles about the victims of budget cuts—the working family dependent on food stamps, the commuters who have to pay more to ride Amtrak between Los Angeles and San Diego, the government workers who are RIFed. (The *Washington Post* recently pushed this art form to its ultimate: a 4000-word story on heart-broken bureaucrats who haven't lost their jobs but have been "separated from the programs they love"—a kind of modern Washington equivalent of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.) Stories about the victims of high taxes and bloated budget deficits are harder to find, probably because

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the victims themselves often don't even know who they are. But there are a lot of them—their number includes almost all of us.

Poverty, unemployment, hunger, national security, and education are real problems—but the government spends more on them every year, and they just get worse. Yet our political leaders never propose any fundamental changes. The solutions offered us amount only to tinkering, or to throwing more money at problems that previous infusions of money failed to solve. It's time to break out of the status quo mindset and consider some fundamental reforms.

Cutting out "waste, fraud, and mismanagement" is not the answer. Certainly, the budget is full of waste—but finding and eliminating it is another matter. There are no lines in the budget labeled "waste and fraud," and an effort to ferret out the waste in each agency would probably cost more than it would save.

Of course, there are programs that by any reasonable standard should be considered waste. The General Services Administration has reported that it is unable to determine the purpose of nearly 3 million trips taken by government employees during 1979. Stories abound of government workers who simply don't do anything. The American Battle Monuments Commission is still in the budget, costing taxpayers $10 million a year. The members of the FDR Memorial Commission have spent twenty-five years trying to decide on a suitable memorial for a president who said the only memorial he wanted was a clump of rosebushes. The Advisory Committee on the Federal Pay, the Commission of Fine Arts, the Japan–U.S. Friendship Committee, the National Commission on Libraries and Information Science—agencies like these waste millions of dollars a year, perhaps billions if they could all be identified.

But a lot of the waste is inherent in government. Our government planners aren't much better than the ones in Poland. Think about it: If you could increase your income any time you felt like it, just by snapping your fingers, what would be the point in carefully planning your household budget? That's exactly the situation the government is in—and even with virtually unlimited powers to tax, the federal government has still managed to spend its way $1 trillion into debt. The only way to eliminate this inherent waste is to eliminate programs.

Summary

Subsidies to business, etc.	47,596.1
Regulatory bureaucracy	3,272.3
Anti-civil-liberties agencies	5,530.9
Irrelevant programs	50,384.7
Utter waste	9,768.0
'Entitlements' programs	94,900.0
Defense	68,014.8
Total	279,466.8

Dollar amounts in millions

All programs and agencies listed are proposed for abolition unless otherwise indicated.

In every case, special interests will object: Shipping companies will protest the abolition of the Maritime Administration. "New class" bureaucrats in and out of government will resist cuts in the social and regulatory programs that employ and justify them. Defense contractors and their political henchmen will insist that military cuts threaten the national security. But the great bulk of the American people would benefit from each of these cuts.

Budget-cutting sounds like a conservative idea. It isn't. The people complaining the most loudly about the Reagan budget are Robert Dole and Howard Baker. Conservatives these days seem mainly distinguished by their extraordinary power of euphemism: Ronald Reagan doesn't want tax increases, but revenue enhancement, and Baker doesn't want to cancel the scheduled 10 percent income-tax cut, he just wants to impose a 10 percent income-tax surcharge.

No, real fiscal change threatens the status quo too much to appeal to conservatives. A major budget cut, far from conservative, would be a bold and progressive thrust aimed at altering the balance of power in America. It would seize power from the bureaucrats and their corporate courtiers, and hand it back to individuals. You might even call it radical, in the same sense those fellows who tossed all the tea into Boston Harbor were radicals.

So let's start throwing the tea overboard.

I GET THE CORPORATIONS OFF WELFARE

Ronald Reagan likes to talk about welfare chiselers, and that seems to be a good place to start. So let's go after them: Chrysler, Coca-Cola, U.S. Steel, Marriott, Reynolds Tobacco, Hilton, Boeing, and all the rest. Just like the fabled welfare queen who manages to live in the Waldorf-Astoria on her AFDC checks, these companies find it easier to manipulate the system than to work for a living.

There are so many subsidies to business, agriculture, and the rich tucked away in the federal budget that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find them all. Many are hidden under misleading names, and most of them are sold as something entirely different. Food stamps, for instance, are put forward as a program to help the poor, but when Reagan recently proposed trimming them it wasn't Teddy Kennedy or Alan Cranston who denounced him—it was Bob Dole, whose Kansan constituents make a tidy profit off the program. Two years ago, when the Carter administration proposed a small cut in federal spending for school meals, who stood up to protest? Kellogg, Sunkist, Chiquita Brands, Archer-Daniels-Midland, and Keebler were among the loudest voices. Recently, the Navy decided that Lockheed's P-3C antisubmarine aircraft was not worth the money and canceled its planned purchase. Lockheed, along with two of the most vocal congressional opponents of big spending, John Rousselot and Barry Goldwater, Jr., appealed to President Reagan, and he approved the purchase of twenty-six planes at a cost of $1.6 billion. That will show up in the budget as a defense expenditure, but it is a business subsidy as surely as the Chrysler bailout.

Our review identifies about $48 billion in business subsidies in the 1983 budget, even leaving out items like the two we just mentioned. It should come as no surprise that so much of our tax money goes to business and wealthy individuals. In any system in which the government has favors to dole out, the powerful will be first in line.

Some of the subsidies actually cost very little in tax dollars. The Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, spends only about $56 million net per year, but it serves to protect established trucking firms against new competition. Until about two years ago, it had never granted

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nationwide authority to a firm owned by a woman or a minority. Today, under Reagan-appointed chairman Reese Taylor, it is moving backward, away from the mild deregulation initiated in the Carter administration, once again making it virtually impossible for new firms to enter the trucking field, which it maintains as a preserve for the white, the male, and the already established. Besides the injustice of shutting new competitors out of the economy, Stanford economist Thomas Gale Moore estimates that ICC regulations cost consumers about $10 billion a year.

The Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and Housing and Urban Development are virtually nothing but subsidies to business. In Agriculture alone:

- the Foreign Agricultural Service subsidizes agricultural export operations (this agency got a major *increase* in funds in the 1983 budget);
- the Agricultural Research Service (which also got a substantial increase) spends $465 million a year on research that will benefit agricultural interests;
- the Rural Electrification Administration puts the taxpayers' credit behind $46 billion of low-interest loans for giant utility monopolies;
- and the Packers and Stockyards Administration "maintains effective competition for livestock, meat, and poultry marketing." The key word here is "effective," bureaucratese for making sure prices don't drop.

USDA's Commodity Credit Corporation, which maintains price supports and acreage limitations for farm products, is budgeted at just under $2 billion for 1983. Several members of Congress, however, led by Representative Leon Panetta (D-Calif.), claim the administration has underestimated CCC spending by $5 billion. In any case, the real burden of the CCC is not its $2 billion—or $7 billion—budget, or even its $25 billion borrowing authority. What the CCC does is enrich those who grow food at the expense of those who eat. The CCC's milk price supports, combined with the milk marketing orders that set minimum prices, keep the price of milk high. And why does this happen? In the immortal words of Richard Nixon, to leaders of milk producer cooperatives: "You are a group that are politically very conscious. . . . And you're willing to do something about it." When a mother can't afford milk for her child, the reason is very clear—not the free market, but the system of state capitalism that taxes her to pay milk producers to sell their milk to the government at high prices instead of on the market at a lower price.

The picture is the same at the Department of Commerce. The International Trade Administration subsidizes exports and protects domestic manufacturers by keeping imports out. The Energy Research and Technology Administration will spend some $2.8 billion in 1983 to subsidize nondefense energy activities (i.e., doing research for the oil companies, and bailing out the nuclear industry), surely an expense that could be borne by energy companies.

HUD's chief function is subsidizing the housing industry. From the way they've been complaining recently, you'd think home builders never got anything from the government. In fact HUD's housing programs will cost $7.7 billion in 1983, and some $250 billion in loans is currently insured or guaranteed by the federal government—that is, by the taxpayers. It was once fashionable to claim that guaranteed loans weren't really a subsidy—after all, they didn't cost anything—but after the government had to cough up $71 million earlier this year for loans it cosigned with Poland, an embarassed silence has replaced that claim.

Subsidies to business, etc.

Department of Agriculture	
Foreign Assistance Program	1,028.0
Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service	225.7
Federal Crop Insurance Corporation	318.0
Commodity Credit Corporation	1,850.0
Rural Electrification Administration	41.7
Soil Conservation Service	555.8
Agricultural Marketing Service	471.8
World Agricultural Outlook Board	1.5
Agricultural Research Service	465.1
Cooperative State Research Service	228.6
Extension Service	308.5
Statistical Reporting Service	53.4
Economic Research Service	40.4
Office of Rural Development Policy	3.4
Farmers Home Administration	3,723.2
Packers and Stockyards Administration	8.6
Foreign Agricultural Service	79.5
Department of Commerce	
Energy Research and Technology Administration	2,787.9
Energy programs	318.9
Economic and Statistical Analysis	33.0
Economic Development Administration	291.7
Regional development programs	11.9
International Trade Administration	156.1
Minority Business Development Agency	60.0
U.S. Travel and Tourism Administration	5.0
National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration	853.7
Science and Technical Research	109.2
Corps of Engineers	2,257.8
Health and Human Services	
Research, demonstrations, and evaluation project	30.0
Housing and Urban Development	
Housing programs	7,666.7
Community Planning and Development	3,986.7
New Community Development	33.4
Government National Mortgage Association	1,115.5
Solar Energy and Energy Conservation Bank	15.0
Department of the Interior	
Bureau of Reclamation	946.2
Office of Water Research and Technology	4.6
Fish and Wildlife Service	386.3
Kennedy Center	3.9
Office of Surface Mining Reclamation	146.3
Bureau of Mines	136.1
Energy programs	1,095.0
Department of Transportation	
Federal Railroad Administration	1,280.8
Urban Mass Transportation Administration	3,155.0
Federal Aviation Administration: operation and maintenance of airports	857.6
Maritime Administration	547.5
Department of the Treasury	
Loan guarantees: Chrysler and New York City	1.5
Customs Service	619.9
College housing loans	24.9
Energy security reserve	35.5
Biomass energy development	3.0
National Aeronautics and Space Administration	6,577.1
Export-Import Bank	1,917.9
Federal Maritime Commission	10.3
General Services Administration: National Defense Stockpile	120.0
International Trade Commission	19.7
Interstate Commerce Commission	56.3
Neighborhood Reinvestment Corporation	15.5
Nuclear Regulatory Commission	450.5
Office of the Federal Inspector for the Alaska Natural Gas Transportation System	28.9
Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation	17.1
U.S. Railway Association	3.0
Total	47,596.1

These cabinet departments are not the only sources of massive subsidies for big business and the wealthy, of course. Scattered throughout the bureaucracy are the Bureau of Reclamation, which provides taxpayer-

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subsidized irrigation to Western farmers; the Kennedy Center, which forces average taxpayers to pay for a palatial arts center used almost exclusively by affluent bureaucrats, lobbyists, and lawyers; loan guarantees for the Chrysler Corporation; the Federal Railroad Administration, which supplies taxpayer-subsidized rail transportation used by only a few people, mainly in the Northeast Corridor from Boston to Washington; the Maritime Administration, which subsidizes construction, operation, and training for the grossly inefficient maritime industry; the Export-Import Bank, more than two-thirds of whose subsidies go to seven major companies; and the Manufactured Home Inspection and Monitoring program, which like most regulatory agencies is highly popular with the big mobile home companies because it serves to limit entry, restrict competition, and drive low-cost competitors out of business.

II QUIT BUYING RED TAPE

Harvard philosopher Robert Nozick once suggested legalizing "capitalist acts between consenting adults" on the theory that people capable of governing themselves are capable of purchasing peanut butter without outside help. Alas, his plea fell on deaf ears; we have an enormous regulatory bureaucracy waging guerrilla warfare on American business. At first this might not sound so bad—what do we care if IBM gets roughed up a little, especially after reading that last section—but the fact is that regulations that hogtie business hurt us all. We pay for them in terms of fewer consumer choices at higher prices, as well as fewer jobs.

It might seem a bit anomalous for there to be so many antibusiness regulatory agencies, especially since we just spent so much time discussing how powerful business is. There are two reasons for this. One is that many, if not most, regulatory agencies are actually favored by some—usually the biggest—businesses. Historian Gabriel Kolko has demonstrated the support business gave to the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and other pioneering regulatory agencies. Antitrust activities have always been supported by some elements of the business community, who saw an opportunity to defeat their competitors in the courts when they had failed in the marketplace. Antitrust history is riddled with such instances; recently, for instance, Berkey Photo won a huge settlement against Kodak after arguing that Kodak had unfairly competed against Berkey by providing the best possible goods and services at the lowest possible prices. Many regulations requiring "safety standards" and the like—metal doors, extra bathrooms, four inches of insulation—are pushed by the companies that sell those things. From the Civil Aeronautics Board to the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, if one industry opposes the agency, chances are that another supports it.

The other reason for the existence of regulatory agencies is that business is not the only powerful group in our politicized society. Powerful labor unions support the minimum-wage laws, not because their members work at the minimum wage, but because these laws prevent unskilled workers from competing with highly paid skilled workers. In particular, they prevent young, often black, workers from competing with union members. Members of the "new class"—highly educated people whose main skill is justifying their own activities—seek to gain control over society's resources not by demonstrating commercial skill at satisfying customers, but by becoming part of government and increasing its control over other people's property. They have managed to convince members of Congress, and often the public, that the free market cannot work and that government action is needed in a wide variety of arenas. The continuing failure of such government action is presented only as evidence of the need for more government money and power.

With these varied special interests all pressing their case in Washington for bigger government, is it any wonder that they have been successful?

The particular impact of regulation is illustrated by a story told by NAACP chief Benjamin Hooks. Hooks once bought a doughnut shop in Memphis from a man who had owned it for twenty-five years. When Hooks bought it, he had to make it conform to all the health and safety codes that had been created since the shop was built. "In those twenty-five years, they had passed all kinds of laws," he recalls. "You had to have separate rest rooms for men and women, you had to have ratproof walls and everything on God's earth. We were hit with all those regulations, and they cost us $35,000. We had to close the shop." The point is clear: Potential entrepreneurs without much money, particularly women and minorities, are the ones kept out of business by regulation. We have made the business world a closed preserve, guarded by federal regulators earnestly protecting us from unreliable newcomers.

The largest item in this category is the Forest Service, which regulates timber production and the wood-using industries by maintaining government ownership and control of large portions of American forest land. Government ownership has led to what environmentalist Garrett Hardin calls "the tragedy of the commons," in which, since no user has an incentive to protect the future value of the forest, everyone tries to extract as much as possible as fast as possible. This has created today's severe wood shortage. Transferring government forests to private ownership, perhaps to groups like the Sierra Club, would result in more efficient and rational decision-making.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration would seem to be beyond criticism. Yet the fact is that NHTSA spends $180 million a year on programs that have little measurable effect on highway safety. The primary causes of traffic death—excessive speed, drinking, and hu-

Regulatory bureaucracy

Appalachian Regional Development programs	289.0
Forest Service	2,186.9
Labor-Management Services Administration	37.6
Employment Standards Administration	112.1
Justice Department antitrust division	45.8
Petroleum regulatory activities	21.2
Mine Safety and Health Administration	132.7
Federal Energy Regulatory Commission	30.7
National Highway Traffic Safety Administration	184.3
Civil Aeronautics Board	76.9
Commodity Futures Trading Commission	22.5
Consumer Product Safety Commission	32.2
Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service	21.0
Federal Trade Commission	61.1
National Transportation Safety Board	17.3
Water Resources Commission	1.0
Total	3,272.3

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man error—are outside NHTSA's control. Where the agency *has* been effective is in increasing the cost of automobiles and adding to the burden of American manufacturers. One of the agency's own studies showed that NHTSA rules had almost destroyed the Chrysler Corporation—until former administrator Joan Claybrook ordered the study redone to come up with different conclusions.

Since we began this article with an analogy to American revolutionaries dumping English tea into the ocean, the Appalachian Regional Development Programs are particularly appropriate for cutting. This one is peculiarly un-American; it literally makes Appalachia a colony of the federal government, run by an army of unelected and absentee bureaucrats who dictate what land can be used for, and subsidize favored businesses. Only slightly less obtrusive is the Labor-Management Services Administration, which interferes in private labor-management relations and enforces the notorious Employee Retirement Income Security Act. In the name of protecting private pension plans, the act has raised their overhead tremendously, and actually destroyed a large number of them. The Employment Standards Administration enforces the minimum-wage laws, thus discriminating against unskilled workers, creating unemployment, and imposing particular damage on minority-owned firms. The Consumer Product Safety Commission, meanwhile, has issued regulations for everything from swimming-pool slides to matchbooks, raising prices and narrowing choices for consumers.

III FACE FACTS: THOUGHT POLICE ARE A LUXURY ITEM

Sure, tossing people in prison for saying the wrong thing or having too much fun is a gratifying experience. But it's a hobby best suited to those with unlimited funds. If only we had a sugar daddy, the way those fellows in El Salvador and Chile do. But since times are tough, we've identified twenty-seven different agencies or programs, costing $5.5 billion, whose primary purpose is to violate the civil liberties of Americans (and, in a few especially extravagant instances, much of the rest of the world). A number of these agencies have actually gotten significant budget *in*creases under the Reagan administration. Readers who are surprised are invited to write the author for a prospectus on purchasing the Brooklyn Bridge.

The record of the FBI and the CIA is well known. Most of the FBI's time is spent not on bank robbery or kidnapping, but drugs, gambling, and prostitution—that is, things people do that don't harm anyone else. Local cops take care of the real crime. The CIA has meddled in countries around the world, imposing the shah on the people of Iran, conspiring against Allende in Chile, trying to bump off Castro, and giving communist insurgents an opportunity to blame their countries' problems on covert CIA activities in order to gain support they wouldn't otherwise have.

The Immigration and Naturalization Service employs 10,000 people, all of them immigrants or descendants of immigrants, to harass, hunt down, kidnap, imprison, and deport individuals who seek a better life in the United States. The Drug Enforcement Administration harasses and imprisons businessmen and their customers who engage in the voluntary exchange of goods and services, forcing otherwise honest traders into a life of crime.

Anti-civil-liberties agencies

National Telecommunications and Information Administration	36.9
Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration	569.0
Bureau of Indian Affairs	1,510.7
Federal Bureau of Investigation	797.7
Immigration and Naturalization Service	520.7
Drug Enforcement Administration	242.1
Office of Justice Assistance, Research and Statistics	149.7
Occupational Safety and Health Administration	202.5
International narcotics control	39.0
Antiterrorism assistance	4.0
Internal Revenue Service: criminal investigations	170.8
Internal Revenue Service: freeze collections budget	182.8
Secret Service: firearms enforcement	110.0
Presidential Election Fund	1.5
Federal Law Enforcement Training Center	15.2
Central Intelligence Agency	91.3
Corporation for Public Broadcasting	137.0
Equal Employment Opportunity Commission	141.9
Federal Communications Commission	73.6
Federal Election Commission	9.5
Intelligence Community Staff	3.7
National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities	272.0
National Labor Relations Board	131.3
National Mediation Board	3.9
Occupational Safety and Health Review Commission	6.4
Securities and Exchange Commission	83.9
Selective Service	23.8
Total	5,530.9

Some may find it strange to place the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities in this category. But consider: If the federal government were to establish a "public" newspaper to compete with the nation's privately run papers, every intelligent American would see the threat to the First Amendment.

Recent moves by the Securities and Exchange Commission against investment newsletters represent a clear and present danger to the First Amendment. The Federal Election Commission supports the established political parties and violates the right of free expression of individuals who want to support a candidate with their money. Presumably the violation of civil liberties by the Selective Service System is obvious enough not to require comment.

IV STUFF THAT'S NONE OF GOVERNMENT'S BUSINESS

Some would say the entire budget belongs under this category. We'll take a more moderate approach, and detail some $50 billion worth of programs that don't belong in the government's hands.

Looking at just a few of the big-ticket items in this category, we notice $11.4 billion for the Foundation for Education Assistance. What, you may ask, is that? That's the foundation set up to absorb most of the programs of the Department of Education, which President Reagan promised to abolish. He did abolish the department—but he moved 75 percent of it to this independent foundation, while other parts of the education budget now show up under Treasury, Health and Human Services, and other agencies. Education is not a responsibility of the federal government; it should be handled by local governments or better yet by the private sector, which has a strikingly better record in providing quality education, at lower cost.

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The very title of the revenue-sharing program points up its absurdity. There is no (net) federal revenue to share, and there hasn't been since this program was established. Why is a government facing a $100 billion deficit handing out money to state governments with surpluses?

Irrelevant programs

Refugee and entrant assistance	633.1
Migration and refugee assistance	454.9
Energy and emergency assistance	1,300.0
Human Development Services	5,088.2
Urban parks	38.6
National Parks: land acquisition	71.7
Bureau of the Census	158.8
National Institute of Health	3,700.5
Health Resources Administration	313.8
Bureau of Land Management	1,230.1
U.S. Geological Survey	519.9
Employment and Training Administration	2,183.9
Territorial highways	7.8
Access highways	8.0
Miscellaneous highways	49.9
Appalachian highway	4.0
Dept. of Transportation: research and special programs	24.0
Treasury: higher education facilities	49.5
Internal Revenue Service: excess refunds	1,180.3
Foundation for Education Assistance	11,401.4
Federal Aid Highways: 75 percent cut	6,019.5
Revenue Sharing	9,139.9
Environmental Protection Agency: construction grants	3,350.0
ACTION	119.4
Federal Emergency Management Administration	585.3
National Capital Planning Commission	2.2
National Science Foundation	981.8
Small Business Administration	78.2
Tennessee Valley Authority	1,690.0
Total	50,384.7

The National Institute of Health and other government health programs have created a situation where researchers tailor their proposals to what a government contracting officer wants rather than what may really be more pressing or cost-effective. This and other research programs should be turned over to the private sector.

V WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

We've already discussed how hard it is to ferret out waste in a given program. This section, therefore, includes no admonitions to save $2 billion by eliminating waste in the Medicare program. Instead we're merely listing the worst and the stupidest—programs that are utterly useless. Even with such a narrow definition we can find $9.8 billion worth of such programs.

The Office of Technology Assessment, the Council on Environmental Quality, and the Office of Science and Technology Policy were created to satisfy one or another interest group—or in the first case, as a sinecure for a defeated congressman. The Consumer Information Center, the Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine, the Advisory Committee on Intergovernmental Relations, and such agencies could be eliminated without anyone ever noticing except the bureaucrats currently on their payroll.

Impact Aid is a program that pays federal funds in lieu of taxes to local jurisdictions with large numbers of federal employees. Much of this money goes to such wealthy areas as Fairfax County, Virginia, and Montgomery County, Maryland. Even government budget analysts have long agreed that it should be abolished; it remains in the budget because the local governments that get it pressure their representatives.

The Postal Service is a giant black hole, sucking in both our mail and our money—half a billion dollars a year of the latter—neither to be seen again. It is arguable that the cost of a first-class letter has risen from 5 cents to $9 in the last decade, since the only way to guarantee decent service is to use Express Mail. Private enterprise would do a better job, and the taxpayers could save their annual subsidy.

Utter waste

Office of Technology Assessment	14.1
Legislative functions: 20 pecent cut	287.1
Judiciary: 15 percent cut	114.2
Council on Environmental Quality	1.2
Office of Science and Technology Policy	1.8
Executive Office: 15 percent cut	14.4
Commerce Department administration	31.8
Housing and Urban Development: Policy development	25.4
Interior Department secretarial offices: cut	56.9
Bureau of Labor Statistics	118.9
Labor Department management: cut	64.9
Bilateral science and technology agreements	3.7
International Center	1.8
Highway beautification	13.7
Advisory Commission on Federal Pay	.2
American Battle Monuments Commission	10.6
Commission of Fine Arts	.3
Community Services Administration	32.6
Federal Labor Relations Authority	15.7
Consumer Information Center	1.3
Intragovernmental agencies	69.2
Japan–U.S. Friendship Commission	2.5
Legal Services Corporation	12.8
National Commission on Libraries and Information Science	.1
Postal Service subsidy	500.0
Temporary Study Commissions	14.8
Housing and Urban Development: community development management	217.8
Impact aid	340.2
Federal employee retirement: freeze taxpayer contribution	4,800.0
Federal employee pay freeze	3,000.0
Total	9,768.0

While taxpayers are forced to participate in the social security system, which pays them much less than a private system would, federal employees are exempt. (Do they know something we don't? You better believe it.) They participate in a separate system—the Civil Service Retirement and Disability Fund—where the benefits-to-payments ratio is much better. Federal employees contribute about 25 percent of the retirement fund; guess who makes up the rest? That's right, us. We should freeze the taxpayer contribution at its 1980 level, and let the beneficiaries pay the rest. At the same time, since federal employees make about 30 percent more than private-sector employees, we should freeze their pay until that disparity disappears.

VI SACRED COWS, PART ONE: ENTITLEMENTS

The most untouchable part of the budget seems to be "entitlements" payments. These include social security, unemployment compensation, veterans' benefits, Medicare, Medicaid, food stamps, supplemental security in-

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ne, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, and other ect payments to individuals. Even President Reagan's egedly austere budget provides for increases of $35 bil- n in social security and $14 billion in other entitlements er a two-year period.

If special interests are as powerful as we claimed earlier, ıy does so much of the federal budget go to the poor? The swer is, a lot of it doesn't. Many of the recipients of these ograms are not the poor. The largest, social security and edicare, go to the elderly at all income levels, a group ted more for high voter turnout than poverty. Second, ese programs often benefit their administrators more an their recipients. As Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan s written, "With astonishing consistency middle-class ofessionals—whatever their racial or ethnic back- ounds—when asked to devise ways of improving the nditions of lower-class groups, would come up with hemes of which the first effect would be to improve the ndition of the middle-class professionals, and the second ight or might not be that of improving the condition of the or." The administrators, not the poor, are the real con- tuency here.

Finally, it must be understood that these programs have ry little to do with the alleviation of poverty. In many ses the powerful business and union groups that close off e economic system through cartelizing regulation, mini- um-wage laws, and the like, realize that the poor cannot nply be kept from working and left to starve. That would a prescription for revolution. So they support social- elfare legislation to keep these same people they have shut t of the economic system from revolting. Not only does ch legislation divert attention from the real aims of those onsoring it, it helps to build a powerful political machine.

Such handouts don't alleviate poverty, however. Poverty more a state of mind than an economic condition. It has do with hope, or the lack of it. Plenty of college graduates d other young people live on incomes well below the overty level; they don't consider themselves poverty- icken because they see their present jobs as the first step a career. It is the lack of hope, the despair at ever finding eady work, that characterizes poverty.

The way to alleviate that condition is not to make poor ople wards of a paternalistic state. It is to open up our onomic system, to strip the economy of its subsidies, gulations, and privileges. When economic resources are t diverted by politicians to either social engineers or ntagon warmakers, when people are free to work and ade, there will be no need for transfer payments, welfare, titlements, or any other such demeaning system.

Finally, it's worth noting that the term entitlements is a nd of Orwellian twisting of the language. In fact no one is *titled* to the fruits of another's labor. These programs have own up because of special-interest manipulation com- ned with the compassionate instincts of voters. They en't written into the Constitution, chiseled into the Ten ommandments, or anything of the sort.

How do we cut these programs? First, we must free up e economic system—eliminate its regulations and priv- ges so that people can find work and economic opportu- ty. As we do that, the number of people needing transfer yments will drop dramatically. Our first goal should be freeze social security payments at their 1982 level. This ould save $18.9 billion in 1983. A fundamental solution to e social security crisis would involve transferring the sys- m to the private sector. Pending that, we must simply cap

'Entitlements' Programs

Social Security: freeze	18,900.0
Other entitlements: roll back to 2.6 percent of GNP	76,000.0
Total	94,900.0

social security payments at their present level if we want to stop the system from eating up the entire federal budget.

Entitlements programs other than social security have risen dramatically in the past two decades, soaring from $32 billion in 1964 to $168 billion in 1983. Even in inflation-adjusted terms, the growth has been some 250 percent in fifteen years. The problem is not more poverty, but more money: In a variation of Parkinson's Law, when more money is made available, more people will be around to receive it. We have to control these soaring expenditures. Our suggestion is to roll back transfer payments other than social security to the percentage of the gross national product they commanded in 1970, *after* the tremendous increases of the Great Society. Such a rollback—from 4.8 percent of GNP to 2.6 percent—would result in a 1983 savings of $76 billion, almost enough to balance the budget by itself!

VII SACRED COWS PART TWO: DEFENSE

The "national needs statement" on national defense in the president's budget is "Protect America's people, its institutions, and its lands from foreign aggression." Unfortunately, the Reagan military budget—like its predecessors—has little to do with that prescription. If it did, it would be a lot cheaper. Even conservatives are tacitly admitting this. Robert Dole and Pete Domenici have suggested cuts in the neighborhood of $10 billion. The Heritage Foundation offered $6 billion worth of cuts. *Fortune* magazine suggested saving $16 billion by slowing the rate of increase.

None of these critics, however, has publicly confronted the assumptions behind Reagan's massive military build-up. If the Russkies are really ready to roll in, as the president says, then it would seem only reasonable to adopt his program, deficit or no deficit. If his spending plans would protect us from Soviet attack, how could we oppose them? In fact, however, Reagan's military spending increases will make the American people *less* secure from foreign aggression. His program risks conventional wars around the world and increases the chance of a nuclear war.

As Eugene McCarthy says, "It's not the fat in the defense budget that should bother us, it's the lean." We must consider what military spending is *for*. In that framework, Reagan's budget is not strikingly different from that of his predecessors. He wants $11 billion to improve our ability to "respond to crisis situations"—that is, to build up the Rapid Deployment Force, which will intervene in crises around the world and serve as a tripwire for further U.S. involvement. If we decide that the United States should stay out of foreign crises, then we could eliminate that item from the defense budget.

Some 70 percent of our defense budget goes to maintain collective security agreements with other countries, pri-

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marily in Western Europe, the Middle East, and Asia. There are two problems with this. The most obvious is that American taxpayers are subsidizing the defense of wealthy countries like Japan and West Germany. Our commitment to Western Europe, for example—some $100 billion out of total 1983 outlays of $216 billion—is the second largest item in the entire federal budget, exceeded only by social security. It is larger than what we spend on education, health, transportation, justice—or even on the defense of the United States itself.

The less apparent but more ominous problem with this arrangement is that collective security agreements serve not to confine conflicts to other continents but to draw the United States into them, no matter where they appear. Our 350,000 troops in Europe would not be sufficient to stave off a determined Soviet attack. What they would do is set off a domino process: When American soldiers are killed in Europe, the conflict will quickly escalate to a major conventional war or even to nuclear war, with the United States inevitably involved.

For the sake both of reducing the budget and avoiding war, we should disengage from our overseas military commitments: just bring the boys home, and tell the Germans and Japanese to run their own show. By doing so we could eventually save $125 billion or more out of our general-purpose forces each year. In the first year it seems reasonable to posit a savings of $50 billion.

Strategic forces are projected to increase from about $36 billion to about $45 billion in 1983. This will allow the purchase or development of such weapons as the B-1 bomber, the MX missile (which the administration wants even though it can't quite figure out where to put the missiles after they're built), the stealth bomber, more Trident submarines, and cruise missiles.

Defense

DOD general-purpose forces	50,000.0
DOD strategic forces	9,000.0
International Security Assistance	3,755.5
International Development Assistance	2,472.2
Office of International Cooperation and Development	18.6
Radio Martí	8.2
Office of Territorial Affairs	223.1
State Department administration and overseas embassies and consulates	1,262.0
International organizations and conferences	581.6
International commissions	30.4
Board for International Broadcasting	95.3
International Communications Agency	567.9
Total	68,014.8

What are we going to do with these things? The United States already has over 9000 strategic warheads, any 400 of which could destroy the Soviet Union. The danger is not that we will be caught without enough weapons but rather that the new weapons will simply intensify an arms race that nobody can win, and that their first-strike potential will prompt the Soviets into rash moves. It is time to call a halt to this madness. We can at least hold strategic spending to its 1982 level, while we seek real arms-reductions talks with the Soviet Union, dismantle our land-based missiles—which mostly serve to make the United States a nuclear sponge—or adopt George Kennan's proposal of an across-the-board 50 percent cut in our nuclear arsenal.

Along with these Defense Department cuts, we can identify about $9 billion in programs outside the department that are tied in to our interventionist foreign policy—programs like military and economic assistance to other countries; Radio Free Europe and Reagan's own Radio Martí; the Office of Territorial Affairs, which maintains America's remaining colonies; and memberships in various international organizations that serve only to drain America's taxpayers dry. Like much defense spending, this stuff is, at the very best, useless—and, at the worst, dangerous.

VIII THE BOTTOM LINE

So far we've come up with $280 billion in cuts from President Reagan's proposed budget. Even assuming that his projected deficit is off by a third, we've saved enough to balance the budget and give everyone an across-the-board 53 percent income-tax cut. (That's in *addition* to the 10 percent cut scheduled for July.)

But surely, the cautious reader implores, surely Congress would never pass such a program. We've thought of that, too. Here are two strategies for getting the *INQUIRY* budget through Congress.

The idealistic approach. Explain to Congress that the program is a good idea and it would help the country. This would be foreign to them at first, but it might work.

The tough, pragmatic approach. If gentle persuasion doesn't work, President Reagan has a very useful tool at hand for simply hitting Congress over the head—and he should have used it the first month he was in office. The "temporary" limit on the national debt—which is raised about once a year—currently stands at $1.1 trillion. (The "permanent" limit is $400 billion.) The most recent increase came last fall; Reagan blames it on Jimmy Carter and the Democrats and their philosophy of "spend and spend, borrow and borrow." Well, perhaps. But Reagan himself now proposes to run deficits of nearly $250 billion over the next three years. (The Congressional Budget Office says it will be more like $500 billion.)

Sometime this spring we'll probably hit the national-debt ceiling. And there's the perfect opportunity for Reagan to stop the budget dead in its tracks: just say, "nope, I won't sign any increases." He could easily persuade a third of Congress to go along with him, preventing a veto override; after all, the last ceiling increase barely passed, even with heavy administration lobbying of nervous Republicans.

Without an increase in the debt ceiling, it would be illegal for the government to spend any money except what it took in. Since government revenues always lag well behind government spending, that would produce major, instant, spending cuts. If Reagan *really* wants to cut spending, this is an outstanding opportunity.

So far, unfortunately, there's no sign that he does. Despite all his promises, all Reagan has done is to slow the *growth* of federal spending a mite, and shuffle some money from domestic bureaucrats to Pentagon mad bombers. He's produced the two biggest budgets in history, and he's on the verge of producing the biggest deficit. He's nearly a third of the way through his term. It's past time when he can blame all his failures on other administrations. In other words, it's time—as they say in Las Vegas—to put up or shut up. The whole country is waiting, Mr. Reagan.

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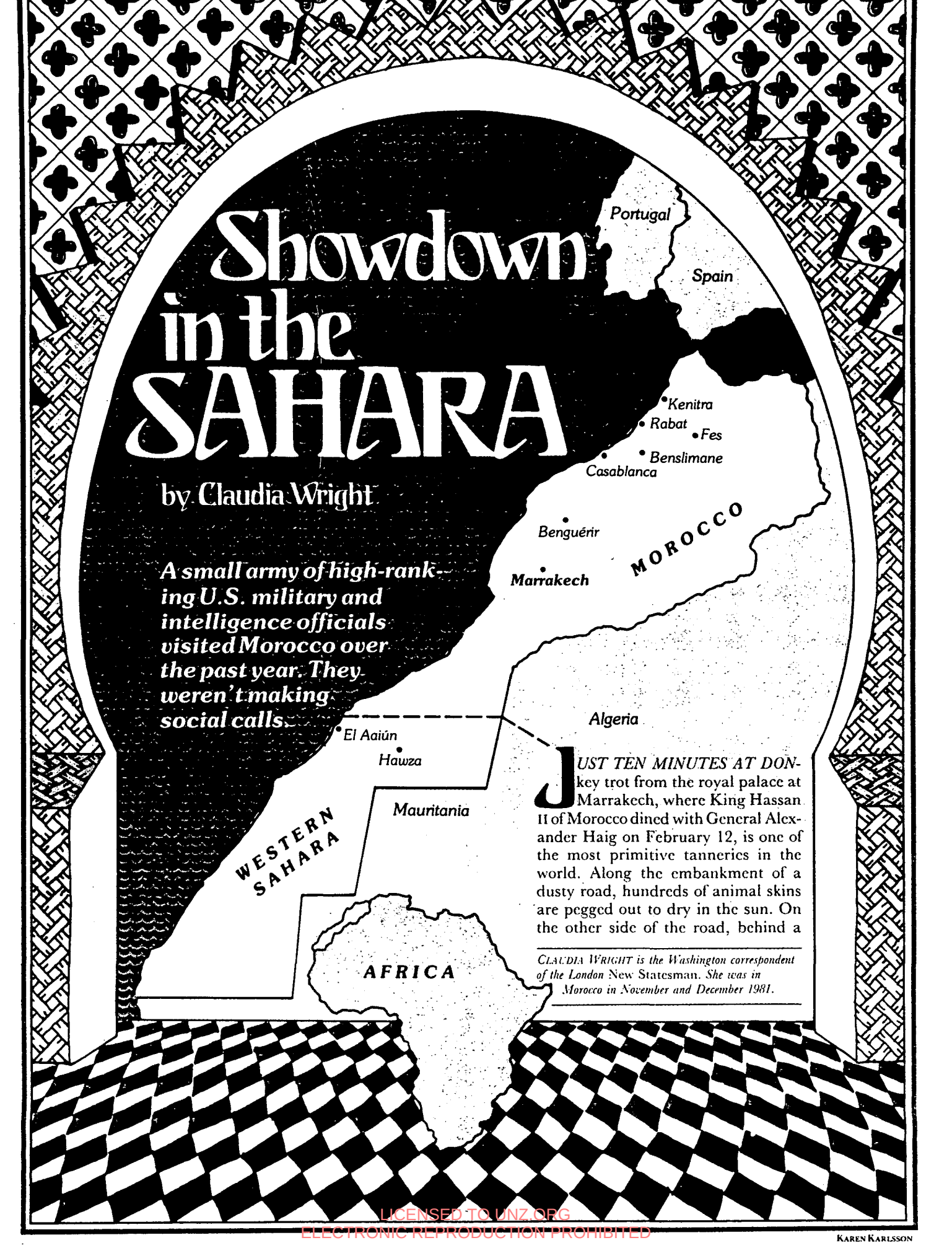
Showdown in the SAHARA

by Claudia Wright



A small army of high-ranking U.S. military and intelligence officials visited Morocco over the past year. They weren't making social calls.

JUST TEN MINUTES AT DONkey trot from the royal palace at Marrakech, where King Hassan II of Morocco dined with General Alexander Haig on February 12, is one of the most primitive tanneries in the world. Along the embankment of a dusty road, hundreds of animal skins are pegged out to dry in the sun. On the other side of the road, behind a

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KAREN KARLSSON

stone wall, are the brick vats where dozens of tubercular young boys, aged five to fifteen, spend their days picking the flesh from the skins and, thigh-deep in pools of foul-smelling water and colored dies, treading the skins into the suppleness required by their masters.

To the boys of the tanneries, King Hassan's six-year-old war to conquer the Western Sahara—one of the topics of palace talk with the American secretary of state—is still a *jihad*, a holy war in defense of Moroccan sovereignty and of the memory of the kingdom's once glorious empire. So long as the boys think that, the Moroccan army will not lack volunteers or popular support, and the king will press on in quest of a victory no one now but his courtiers and the Reagan administration says he can attain.

The Reagan White House is indulging the Moroccan king's dreams because the U.S. has become as dependent on him as he is on us.

Hassan's war against the indigenous guerrilla force of the Western Sahara, the Polisario, has cost his regime billions of dollars and thousands of lives, and brought nothing but a steady series of military defeats and strategic retreats. Yet General Haig and the Reagan administration are indulging the Moroccan king's dreams because they have become as dependent on him as he is on them. As a former U.S. official familiar with Morocco observed after Haig's visit to Marrakech: "It was like holding a piece of candy in front of a baby. He will always grab it—and I'm not talking about the Moroccans."

Haig's sweet tooth apparently resulted in a promise by Washington to offer at least $100 million in credits for Moroccan arms purchases next year. In return Morocco agreed to establish a joint American-Moroccan military commission and to give the United States landing rights at Moroccan air bases. But these public agreements are far from the full price each side will pay for the other's indulgence. They conceal several still-secret agreements that Morocco and the United States have made in pursuit of a much grander fantasy: a high-stakes gamble for power in Africa from Tripoli to Cape Town.

Hassan's vulnerabilities

The seventeenth-century Moroccan monarch, Moulay Ismail, from whom King Hassan is directly descended, was a decisive leader who dealt with opponents by sawing them in half from the head down, until the body fell into two pieces. Hassan's ancestors conquered an empire that encompassed what is today the Western (or Spanish) Sahara, Mauritania, and the northernmost territory of Senegal. Hassan II has much less territory, tougher opponents, and smaller revenues. Surrounded by squads of nurses and bodyguards when he travels, with courtiers always on call at his numerous palaces and royal châteaux, the king is inclined to moodiness, bouts of despondency, and, when criticized, of spleen.

He has much to be moody about, quite apart from the protracted war in the south. More than three years of drought—the longest in living memory—has devastated the citrus orchards and olive groves that sustain the economy, and forced the country into expensive emergency imports of food from Europe and the United States. With the price of phosphates, Morocco's most important export, failing to match the rising cost of imported oil and industrial goods, the trade deficit has ballooned to more than $1 billion each year. Recession and protectionism in France have further diminished the market for Moroccan manufactures, cut tourism, reduced the flow of remittances from expatriate workers, and blocked the only escape left for jobless Moroccan youth—work in France.

All of these economic pressures have aggravated a politically explosive situation. On June 20, 1981, the government's decision to cut food subsidies led to riots in Casablanca's slums. Police and troops fired on demonstrators, killing at least 637—a third of them children and youths under eighteen, according to an investigation made by a committee of French Catholic jurists. Between 6000 and 8000 people were arrested, including the leaders of the union federation and of the Moroccan socialist party. But the government didn't stop there. To deal with continuing opposition from university students, Hassan ordered a military takeover of the engineering faculty at the University of Rabat in December. Then twenty-one leaders of the national student union were put on trial and dispatched with prison sentences of up to three years. In 1981, with the sole exception of Iran, political repression and loss of life were greater in Morocco than in any other country of the Middle East or North Africa. Fingering the royal signet and twirling his cigarette, Hassan is peremptory when these subjects are raised. "Human rights," he told an interviewer in Paris in February, are "a subjective affair. A climatologic affair. Montesquieu would tell you so . . ." Asked whether he would release the political detainees, he snapped: "The less you talk about it, the better."

In 1981, with the sole exception of Iran, Morocco had a worse record of human rights than any other country of the Middle East or North Africa.

Hassan is personally more threatened by his army. In 1971 and again in 1972, Hassan was lucky to

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survive coup attempts from within the armed forces. The plots not only had the support of senior army and air-force officers—and, in 1972, of the defense minister, General Oufkir—but also of many Berber tribesmen who serve in the lower ranks of the army. Their resentment of the repression of their tribal leadership, language, and culture has long soured their loyalty to the throne. Distrustful of both his officers and men, Hassan has waged his war in the south by isolating units from one another and keeping their commanders under close supervision from Rabat. Representative Stephen Solarz (D-N.Y.) reported after a visit to Morocco and the Western Sahara in mid-1979 that "since King Hassan fears a renewal of the coup attempts of 1971 and 1972, he continues to insist on overcentralized communications and command structures. Thus several hours often pass between a reported attack on a Moroccan garrison and the arrival of nearby airpower, since the request has to go through Rabat." The desert war keeps the army busy well away from the royal palace, but it also creates pressure on the king to give his officers whatever equipment they demand. To preserve their loyalty, Hassan has a durable incentive to keep fighting; by casting the war in the Sahara as a choice between his survival and a coup d'état, Hassan managed to persuade even the unsympathetic Carter administration to authorize the sale of twenty F-5 fighter planes, seven C-130 transports, six OV-10 counterinsurgency planes, and twenty-four helicopter gunships. The decision to permit these arms purchases was reached in October 1979 on the understanding that the arms would "give Morocco the self-confidence that is necessary to go down the route toward a negotiated settlement," as a State Department witness told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Winning the unwinnable

The conflict in the Western Sahara dates from efforts of groups of students in the late 1960s and early 1970s to obtain the withdrawal of the colonizing power, Spain. The Polisario—an acronym for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Saguiet El Hamra and Rio d'Oro, the northern and southern provinces of the territory—was formed in 1973. The Polisario describes its ideology as Islamic and non-Marxist, but above all as nationalist. After attacks by Spanish, French, and Moroccan forces in 1975, the Polisario found sanctuary for its guerrilla training and refugee camps in the Algerian Sahara. From this start it has steadily gained ground against Morocco, both militarily and diplomatically. The Moroccan occupation of the Western Sahara was rejected at the outset by a decision of the International Court of Justice, and by a United Nations mission that toured the region in mid-1975. After four years of fighting, on August 5, 1979, Mauritania withdrew its claim to the Western Sahara and signed an agreement restoring the southern portion of the territory to the Polisario. Morocco has fought on, claiming the entire territory as its own.

To win support from the United States, King Hassan has cast the war in the Sahara as a choice between his survival and a coup d'état.

In 1976 the Polisario announced the establishment of the Saharawi Arab Democratic Republic on Saharan territory recaptured from Morocco. In five years it has gained diplomatic recognition from a total of forty-five states, although many Arab governments, Algeria and Libya excepted, are still reluctant to back it. Within the Organization of African Unity (OAU), Hassan has had to fight the longstanding majority view in favor of the new state. The Moroccan position has been that the Polisario does not exist—that it is merely a tool of Algeria and Libya against Morocco. King Hassan has refused all OAU recommendations—the most recent at Nairobi on February 9—to negotiate an end to the war with the Polisario, and although last year he formally accepted the principle of a referendum to permit the inhabitants of the area to decide their own political future, Hassan has made it clear that, in his view, such a referendum could only be "an act of confirmation" of Moroccan sovereignty. Morocco also insisted the vote in such a referendum should be limited to 75,000 Saharawi counted in the last Spanish census and remaining still in the territory. The Polisario claims that roughly 1 million people are qualified to vote, and that the referendum must offer a clear choice between Moroccan sovereignty and full independence.

On the battlefield the Moroccan forces have been hampered by more than the nervousness of their commander-in-chief. Recruited primarily from the Berber tribes of the Atlas mountains, the army is unused to desert fighting. Tied down to isolated forts, immobilized by their slow equipment and dependence on vulnerable roads for supplies, unable to coordinate effectively with their air support, the Moroccans have steadily retreated northward, losing men, morale, and vast stocks of their weapons to the highly effective Polisario forces. In October the Polisario destroyed a 2000-man Moroccan garrison, captured large amounts of matériel, including tanks and trucks, and shot down five Moroccan aircraft—a C-130 transport, two Mirage F-1s, an F-5, and a Puma helicopter. Hassan's forces have since retreated further behind a wall of sand, ditches, mine fields, and barbed wire that has been under construction for over a year. The wall encloses the mineral-rich centers of the Sahara that make the sand worth fighting over. Polisario tactics have been to press the initiative inside the wall. In late January, the guerrillas broke through near Smara, blew up a five-kilometer section of fortifications, captured fresh tanks, and withdrew before the Moroccans could organize a counterattack.

In April 1981, testifying on behalf of the administration's proposal to sell Morocco the M-60 tanks, Morris Draper, the deputy assistant secretary of state for the region, declared that "no side can win a clear-cut victory in military terms." The United States, he emphasized, "is neutral as regards

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the final status of the Western Saharan territory."

By November the Reagan administration appeared to have changed its mind. Francis West, in charge of international security affairs at the Pentagon, took American military advisers into the war zone for the first time, and in private remarks that were reported in the U.S. press, he appeared to encourage the Moroccan belief in military victory. In December senior U.S. officials in Rabat expressed confidence that with improved surveillance equipment, a new Westinghouse radar network, satellite photography of the desert, and better troop training, the Moroccan army could take the offensive. The new official line from Washington was that the Western Sahara was Moroccan, the Polisario was an army of mercenaries, and the Saharawi people didn't exist.

The Reagan men arrive

Hassan is suitably grateful for this warming trend in relations with Washington. When President Reagan's ambassador, Joseph Verner Reed, Jr., a former Chase Manhattan Bank official and longtime friend of the king's, offered his credentials in November 1981, the king contrasted Reagan's attitude to the "pettiness" of the previous administration. When America has been led by men who "knew what they wanted," he told a press conference, "Morocco and the United States have really covered great distance together." Comparing President Reagan to President Eisenhower, Hassan declared that Reagan appeared "to have the same rectitude and the same respect for the aspirations of countries. I think that Mr. Reagan and Hassan the Second have no reason not to understand each other."

This understanding was carefully nurtured throughout 1981 by a series of high-level military and intelligence visits. General Vernon Walters, deputy director of the CIA between 1972 and 1976 and now ambassador-at-large for the State Department, visited Morocco in March, October, and December. Lannon Walker, then acting assistant secretary of state for African affairs, met with CIA agents in Rabat in March. Francis West, assistant secretary of defense for international security, made two visits, the second in November with a team of twenty-three military advisers and experts. Frank Carlucci, the deputy secretary of defense, was there in midsummer, and he was followed secretly by

King Hassan has long played a role in secret Israeli, Egyptian, and U.S. moves in the Middle East and Africa.

Admiral Bobby Inman, deputy director of the CIA. In September Lieutenant-General James Williams, director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, arrived. In November Caspar Weinberger, the secretary of defense, stopped at Fez to see the king; he was followed in December by Senator Charles Percy, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and in February by General Haig. Admiral Thomas B. Hayward, chief of naval operation, followed Haig later in the month.

The United States also has a significant longer-term military presence in Morocco. According to reports filed by the administration with Congress, there are currently sixteen U.S. military officers, two U.S. civilians, and four Moroccans assigned to the Morocco-U.S. Liaison Office in Rabat, whose job is to supervise the assimilation of American weaponry into the Moroccan army and air force. In addition, more than 100 Americans—some U.S. government, some civilian personnel—were reported to be working with the Moroccan armed forces during 1981.

In March 1981 State Department officials told a House subcommittee hearing that "there are no Green Berets or military advisers in Morocco. There are no U.S. government–supervised contracted personnel involved with equipment used in the Western Sahara conflict either in the Sahara itself or Southern Morocco." The administration subsequently sought —and in December won—congressional approval to enlarge the number of military advisers it could station in Morocco. If these advisers were to go into the war zone in the Sahara, that would trigger the War Powers Resolution, and Congress could order them out.

Just before Christmas, Polisario spokesmen told me in Algiers that "more than a dozen" American military advisers had been spotted—wearing Moroccan uniforms—at Smara, El-Aaiún, and Goulimine. Apparently their job is to operate and maintain radars and ground-to-air communications for Moroccan F-5s and Mirages engaged in the fighting. There has been no official word from the administration regarding these men.

The hidden stakes

In Washington's view, Hassan must be protected from military reverses that threaten the stability of the throne. "There is a credibility to U.S. foreign policy to defend," maintains one senior U.S. official with responsibility for Moroccan affairs. "If you look at Vietnam and Iran, to let that happen to Morocco we would consider horrible." But there is more at stake in Morocco than the Saharan war, and the visits of the intelligence men suggest at least part of what this might be.

King Hassan has long played a role in secret U.S., Israeli, and Egyptian moves in the Middle East and Africa. He was one of the go-betweens in the planning of Anwar el-Sadat's visit to Jerusalem in 1977. He participated in U.S. and French plans for the 1977 and 1978 interventions to rescue General Mobutu Sese Seko's regime in Zaire. There is a long and murky tale of Moroccan-French collaboration in intelligence operations in West Africa, in the Algerian war, in the assassination of the Moroccan socialist leader Mehdi Ben Barka in 1965, and in the training of French intervention forces at Benguérir, near Marrakech.

Since 1969 Morocco has been a cen-

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ter for Libyan exiles and opponents of Colonel Muammar Qaddafi; King Hassan is actively maneuvering behind the scenes to deprive Libya of the presidency of the OAU and shift the organization's summit meeting from Tripoli later this year. Moroccan troops have been reported in the Sudan and eastern Chad, helping the dissident army of Hissein Habré, the former Chadian defense minister, in his war against the Libyan-supported government in N'Djamena. Since Mauritania withdrew from the Saharan war. Hassan has backed Mauritanian dissidents, and supported their abortive coup attempt in March 1981.

Morocco is the only Arab state and one of the very few OAU members to have bought military equipment from South Africa, and to have engaged South African military advisers to train army units. With South Africa and the United States, Morocco is currently backing the Angola rebel group, UNITA, led by Jonas Savimbi. Rabat was the site of meetings between Savimbi and CIA officials during 1981, and Moroccan officers are reportedly in Zaire instructing another guerrilla group allied with Savimbi—the military committee for the Angolan resistance (COMIRA). Savimbi himself told the *Wall Street Journal* during his visit in December to the United States that "Morocco helps train his men."

It is in covert operations of this kind that the Reagan administration is dependent on King Hassan. He has allowed the CIA to build up its station in Morocco, compensating for the agency's losses elsewhere in northern Africa (in 1979 it lost its Libyan post after the embassy withdrew, and in July 1981 the chief of station in Algeria, Norman Descouteaux, was exposed by the Algerian authorities and expelled). *Covert Action Information Bulletin* in Washington has identified three senior CIA men in Morocco. The newest, Joseph Pettinelli, arrived in February 1981. He was last spotted in Islamabad, Pakistan, during the final tumultuous years before the Bhutto government was overthrown by a military coup ["Reaping the Pakistani Whirlwind," *INQUIRY*, Sept. 14, 1981]. Two other agents, David Wilson and Arthur Nimer, Jr., were identified in Casablanca and Rabat two years ago, and may no longer be there. Both had served in the Middle East before Morocco, and most important, both had had experience in Colonel Qaddafi's Libya.

If the CIA is to use Morocco as a staging base for operations in the Middle East and Africa, it must have secure access to ports and airfields, and this is precisely what General Haig's agreement with King Hassan on landing rights provides. In 1950 Washington arranged with France to use four air bases—at Nouaceur, Benguérir, Sidi Slimane, and Benslimane—as well as an air and naval base at Kenitra and two military communications facilities at Sidi Yahia and Bouknadel. On the initiative of the Eisenhower administration, the bases were evacuated by 1963. But the withdrawal was never quite total, U.S. officials say, and over the years an understanding between the two governments has existed for making the facilities available in case of emergency. King Hassan has often sought a new agreement on the bases, permitting the United States to return, but until now Washington has not been interested.

With substantial new arms flowing to Morocco for the war in the Sahara, it will be virtually impossible for Congress to spot the diversion of weapons to UNITA in Angola.

The administration is also anxious to take up Hassan's old offer of "transit rights" to cover its covert operations in Africa, particularly in Angola. Before Congess put a stop to CIA assistance to the Angolan guerrillas in 1976 (the Clark amendment), the agency had been able to supply UNITA directly through Zaire; during the Carter administration, the White House would not allow more than a trickle of aid to reach UNITA because it sought to negotiate normalization of relations with the Angolan government. Now, committed to what it has defined as a Soviet and Cuban adversary in Angola and neighboring Namibia, anxious to placate South Africa, and unable to get Congress to lift the Clark amendment, the Reagan administration has turned to Morocco for help. With substantial new arms flowing into Morocco for the Saharan war, it will be virtually impossible for Congress to spot the diversion of weapons through Morocco to UNITA. This concern is not merely speculative. Jonas Savimbi told a Portuguese journalist in Rabat that he was receiving American arms and financial aid despite the congressional prohibition. "Material help is not dependent on, nor limited by, the Clark amendment," he said. "A great country like the United States has other channels. . . ." One of those channels is Morocco.

But the Pentagon and General Haig are also counting on Morocco for a more general strategy of U.S. intervention in the region. Formally, this involves stretching the area of NATO operations well below the Tropic of Cancer, the southern border of the Western Sahara, and the Spanish Canary islands, which are the southernmost limits of the NATO area, according to the 1949 treaty. U.S. facilities in the Portuguese Azores—now under renegotiation—and a new NATO naval base to be built at Porto Santo in the Portuguese Madeiras, off the Moroccan coast, will be linked to French facilities in Senegal and Gabon, and to the South African naval bases at Walvis Bay (Namibia) and Simonstown (near Capetown). Together they will form a coordinated allied platform for projecting forces at any point along the Atlantic coast of Africa. This is the plan King Hassan had in mind when he recently described the agenda for his forthcoming visit to Washington.

He intends to "discuss not only our bilateral affairs but our geostrategy," he told the Parisian *Le Matin* on January 30. "America is the head of NATO. . . . We cannot ignore the fact that the Atlantic stretches as far as southern Africa. . . . I think it is a matter of geostrategic and geopolitical necessity to go and visit that great country on the other side of the sea which separates us."

Hassan knows how badly U.S. officials want to support their expanding fleet, and link it to the Rapid Deployment Force intended for action in the Middle East. By playing on their ambitions, he has secured their unwavering allegiance to his own. ❑

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***ELVIS*, by Albert Goldman. McGraw-Hill, 598 pp., $14.95.**

***FLOWERS IN THE BLOOD: The Story of Opium*, by Dean Latimer and Jeff Goldberg. Franklin Watts, 306 pp., $16.95.**

Purifying America

THOMAS SZASZ

JACK ABBOTT, NORMAN Mailer's famous murderer friend, is released from jail and kills again. He receives an eighteen-year prison sentence. At the same time, the Supreme Court upholds the forty-year prison sentence of a man convicted of possessing and selling nine ounces of marijuana. These two crimes and punishments dramatize the consequences of taking seriously the proposition that this nation's "number-one" crime problem is "drugs." However stupid and ugly that idea might seem to some of us, the fact is that it has fueled the great anti-drug crusade our nation has waged for the past several decades.

Instead of questioning the absurdity and futility of this unwinnable war—our second since World War II—we steadily escalate the conflict. Declaring that narcotics trafficking was "the nation's most serious crime problem," on January 21, 1982, Attorney General William French Smith announced that the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation will take over efforts to combat it. At a news conference Smith said that he had given the bureau concurrent jurisdiction with the Drug Enforcement Administration, "bringing the full resources of the FBI to bear on the problem of domestic drug trafficking." The stubborn American fantasy that "drugs" are a "crime problem," soluble by means of draconian laws compassionately administered, was thus given another shot in the arm.

What the two widely different books under review here have in common is that each tells us a good deal about the phenomenon now called, rather stupidly, "drug abuse." As nearly everyone must know by now, during much of his career as a performer, Elvis Presley used a variety of psychoactive drugs. How did Presley procure these drugs? He got them quasi-legally, by prescriptions from doctors; they were delivered to him, through his servants, by pharmacists. I say quasi-legally, because from the very first step of Presley's drug-procurement program the whole affair was a fraud. Many of the prescriptions were made out in the names of people in Presley's entourage, or in his wife's or daughter's name, and the drugs were then transferred to and used by him. This itself was a violation of the drug laws. But these laws were never intended to control people like Elvis Presley, as we shall see.

What drugs did Presley use? Mainly Quaalude, Placidyl (recently in the news in connection with Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist), Demerol, Dilaudid, Dexedrine, and Biphetamine. Pills and tablets Presley took orally, liquids intramuscularly. This was very important for him. As Albert Goldman tells us in his brilliant, biting book *Elvis*, Presley "never takes a shot in the mainline. He associates intravenous injections with the despised character of the 'junkie,' a type he would like to see rounded up *en masse* and committed to lifelong imprisonment in concentration camps." If this seems like a delicious bit of hypocrisy, wait—there is more, much more.

The popular image of Presley—that when he was not making music, he was making love or counting his money—could not be more false. During much of his career, Presley's main interest in life was drugs: getting drugs, taking drugs, lying about drugs, and, above all else, participating in the American Holy War against drugs. Believe it or not, Presley was actually a fanatic drug-prohibitionist who believed that "drugs" were a "Communist conspiracy" against America. Goldman relates how Presley met and became infatuated with a narcotics agent named John O'Grady, and how, when listening to O'Grady's drug-busting tales, "he would sigh wistfully and say, 'Man, I wish I could be an undercover narcotics detective!' "

Presley's ambition to play a publicly recognized part in this purification program—America's latest and perhaps most hypocritical ever—was fulfilled in 1970, when President Richard Nixon appointed him as an agent of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Presley treasured the gold-and-blue enamel shield symbolizing his achieving this lofty position and kept it always with him, in the same case in which he kept his illegally prescribed pills. The Swiftian irony of the meeting between these two clowns whom all the world mistook for kings is marvelously captured by Goldman:

> Richard Nixon was poised to launch at that very moment a mighty new crusade against drugs. He planned to label drug abuse "America's Number One Problem." Not content with just denouncing drugs and beefing up the federal drug budget, Nixon was already planning to set up a drug superagency, modeled along the lines of the FBI and the CIA, called the Drug Enforcement Agency. The cost of this new secret police force would be staggering. By Fiscal Year 1974, Nixon would have raised the drug law enforcement budget 1100 percent above what it was when he took office in 1968. . . . Now, just as he is to sound the clarion call to the nation . . . along comes one of the greatest heroes of American youth, Elvis Presley, America's Number One Entertainer, proposing to talk to the Number One American about America's Number One Problem! . . . This was an opportunity for a real summit!

When Elvis walked into the Oval Office, he was "high as a kite," says

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Goldman. Then Presley gave a little speech:

> Elvis's rap began with the advocacy of himself as "living proof that America is the land of opportunity." Overnight he had gone from truck driver to superstar. . . . Now, he explained, his greatest concern was the youth of America, who had been seduced into drugs and immorality by the "filthy, unkempt appearance and suggestive music of the Beatles."

Having received "a BNDD badge and a complete set of credentials" as a drug agent, Presley set himself to purifying America. Goldman quotes an FBI memo of a meeting between Presley and an assistant director of the bureau according to which Presley volunteered "to make such information [i.e., information about fellow performers] available to the bureau on a confidential basis whenever it came to his attention." Adds Goldman: "Slashing through the bureaucratic gobbledygook you could sum it all up in one line: Elvis offered to work as an *informer*."

Presley's massive illegal drug use was known, of course, to the narcotics agents, who chose, however, to look the other way when it came to dealing with this superstar. Indeed, since the good old days of Prohibition, antidrug laws have been the perfect weapon for discriminating tyrannization. With it, the narcs could endear themselves to those in power not only by letting VIPs have all the drugs they wanted but also by ruining the lives of their enemies (and of defenseless scapegoats, of course).

Actually, antidrug laws are rarely invoked against VIPs; and when they are—for example, against Hollywood personalities—the defendants are usually treated very leniently. In some cases, the selective enforcement of the drug laws goes further still. Senator Joseph McCarthy, for example, was not only unmolested for his addiction to morphine but was supplied the drug personally by Harry Anslinger, the head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Contrast this with the fate of Roger Davis, whose forty-year prison sentence for possession and distribution of nine ounces of marijuana, worth about $200, was mentioned earlier; and more generally, with the fate of countless lower- and middle-class Americans prosecuted and convicted under the drug laws.

While Presley was never indicted for any violation of the drug laws (or for his flagrant violations of the gun laws), after he died his doctor, George Nichopolous, was indicted on the charge of "criminally overprescribing" sedatives, stimulants, and painkillers. Although the prosecution proved that Nichopolous prescribed "31,000 amphetamines, sedatives, and painkillers" over the last two-and-one-half years of the singer's life, the physician was acquitted of all charges by the jury. Why? Because, according to the *New York Times*, the jury "unanimously concluded that the doctor had made a good-faith effort to help . . . that he was a 'good Samaritan' who got into trouble only because he helped desperate patients that other doctors shunned." Perhaps in our scientific age people are prepared to believe nonsense as bad as our forebears ever believed in the Age of Faith. Or perhaps the jury did not really accept that explanation and was merely unwilling to implement our nation's beloved drug laws. (Had Nichopolous been found guilty on all the counts charged, he could have received a prison sentence of 140 years.)

ROLAND WOLFF

IT SHOULD BE ADDED here that Elvis Presley was not the first, and will probably not be the last, famous American to wage war on drugs while high on them. Another was John Kennedy, upon whose drug use and sordid relationship with his supplier, Dr. Max Jacobson, Eddie Fisher's recent autobiography (*Eddie*, published by Harper & Row) throws some fresh light.

That Kennedy had been—what would have been called, had he not been president—a "junkie" has been known for some time. The details of that story, such as we have them, emerged after Kennedy was dead and sanctified, and his supplier was defrocked and satanized. In 1972 even the *New York Times* considered it fit to print that

> in 1961 [Jacobson] went with the president to Vienna for the summit meeting with Khrushchev and . . . gave the president injections there. . . . Once, when Dr. Jacobson was in the audience for the Boston tryout of Mr. [Alan Jay] Lerner's *On a Clear Day*, he turned to Mrs. Burton Lane, the wife of the musical's composer, and made a boast that many persons say he often makes. As Mrs. Lane recalled it, Dr. Jacobson pointed to his tie clip, a PT-109 insignia, and said, "Do you know where I got this? I worked with the Kennedys. I traveled with the Kennedys. I treated the Kennedys. Jack Kennedy. Jacqueline Kennedy. They never could have made it without me. . . ." Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis confirmed through a spokesman that she had been treated by Dr. Jacobson but declined to elaborate.

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On many of his visits to shoot up Kennedy, Jacobson took Fisher with him. Although Kennedy was high on speed and on Jacobson, some of the people around him were less enthusiastic about the unorthodox (to say the least) treatments the doctor was dispensing. Fisher's recollection of that situation is summed up in this vignette:

> But once I heard him [Kennedy] say, "I don't care if there is panther piss in there, as long as it makes me feel good." Max never told anyone exactly what was in the formulas. If asked, he would say with exasperation, "If I tell you, are you going to know?" You weren't supposed to question God. He even refused to let White House doctors analyze the injections he gave the president.

Fisher then adds this revealing glimpse into the Kennedy-Jacobson relationship: "I saw Kennedy offer him a five-hundred-dollar bill after one of his treatments, but Max shook his head and said, 'If I cannot serve the president of the country I live in, then I am not worth anything.' " Despite the fact that $500 is now worth only a small fraction of what it was worth twenty years ago, ironically the government has withdrawn $500 bills from circulation. Why? Because they are considered to aid the "traffic" in illegal drugs.

That alleged liberals and opponents of drug laws can be just as wrongheaded in their own way as conservatives and born-again crusaders is amply illustrated by Dean Latimer and Jeff Goldberg's *Flowers in the Blood*. These authors, who are professional writers, have produced a well-written book setting forth the history of opium use, in which they do not disguise their hostility to the scapegoating of drugs and drug users. Unfortunately, the story they tell is not particularly new. And the way they tell it is seriously damaged by their credulous embracing of medicomythological "explanations" of opiate addiction.

The book begins with an introduction by William Burroughs, in which he states that "the recent discovery of opium receptors in the brain, and the body's own painkiller endorphin, suggests that there is a preaddiction metabolism related to endorphin deficiency. The addict needs to supplement a vital substance insufficiently produced in his body much as the diabetic needs insulin."

But the idea that an endorphin deficiency plays a causative role in opiate addiction is no more than an unconfirmed hypothesis. Moreover, the analogy to diabetes is grossly misleading: The uncorrected insulin deficiency of the diabetic is fatal, whereas the (alleged) uncorrected endorphin deficiency of the opiate addict is not. I, for one, doubt that endorphins have anything to do with addiction to opiates. The similarities between the uses of opiates, barbiturates, cocaine, marijuana, alcohol, and nicotine make the endorphin-deficiency hypothesis rather unpersuasive. Do cigarette addicts smoke because they lack an "endonicotine"? Do people use cocaine because they lack an "endococaine"? Do people eat too many sweets because they lack an "endocarbohydrate"?

There is worse to come. Burroughs writes, and Latimer and Goldberg presumably agree, that "methadone maintenance was the first glimmer of sanity in the antidrug hysteria that gripped America in the fifties and sixties. . . ." But was methadone, as Burroughs asserts, the "first glimmer of sanity" in this period, or was it, as I would contend, one of the more grotesque symptoms of this very hysteria? It seems to me that our whole attitude toward drugs and drug controls will depend on how we approach this subject: whether with the assumption that certain drugs are so irresistibly tempting that their availability and use ought to be strictly controlled by the state; or with the assumption that the use of various drugs represents but one class of temptations among many, and that coping competently with such temptations is the duty of men, women, and children who value self-control and want to live in a free society.

For the realist about drugs, there are no 'dangerous' drugs.

LIKE BURROUGHS, LATIMER and Goldberg eagerly prostrate themselves before the idols of modern pharmacomythology. "One can only marvel," they write in a worshipful tone, "at this vision of body and mind as a vastly complex chemical equation, interacting uniquely with the chemicals in plants like the opium poppy. We've been linked symbiotically, on a molecular level, man and poppy, endorphin and opium, since the first days of creation." This may be poetic, but scientific it is not.

How confused even "liberal" opponents of our drug laws are is sadly illustrated by Latimer and Goldberg's conclusions. "The inescapable conclusion of all this furious effort," they write, "may well be that there is no universal cure after all, and that the most efficacious solution to the opiate addiction problem is simply to give addicts opiates." What is there left to say? Taking opium on one's own is an addiction and a problem; getting it from the government is a cure and a solution. Such is the intensity of the prevailing religious fervor concerning drugs. Finally, Latimer and Goldberg's casual use of the knee-jerk anticapitalist, antidrug jargon—referring, for example, to people who sell heroin as "heroin magnates" and to their financial rewards as "profiteering"—illustrates a powerful rhetorical consensus between right and left.

Libertarians—especially if they are rationalists and skeptics about fashionable pharmacomythologies—are now the only identifiable group of people that reject this humbug. For the realist about religion, there are no gods; and for the realist about drugs, there are no "dangerous" drugs. (I am taking for granted here that we all know that virtually all biologically active chemicals *may be* dangerous.) But deities and drugs are indispensable symbols for most people, which they have no intention of giving up. And if people confuse symbols with what they symbolize—well, that merely proves that they are human.

In the final analysis, all the current hullabaloo about drugs seems to me to come down to man's age-old passion to push his fellow man around, and to do so, to boot, in such a way as to make his victim look like the devil while making himself look like a saint. In an important sense, this is what mankind's great passion plays of purification—the religious persecutions and wars, the crusades and the witch hunts, communism and nazism—have been about. And this is what our contemporary persecutions of drugs, drug users, and drug suppliers are all about.

These purificatory rituals have been inspired and sustained by two domi-

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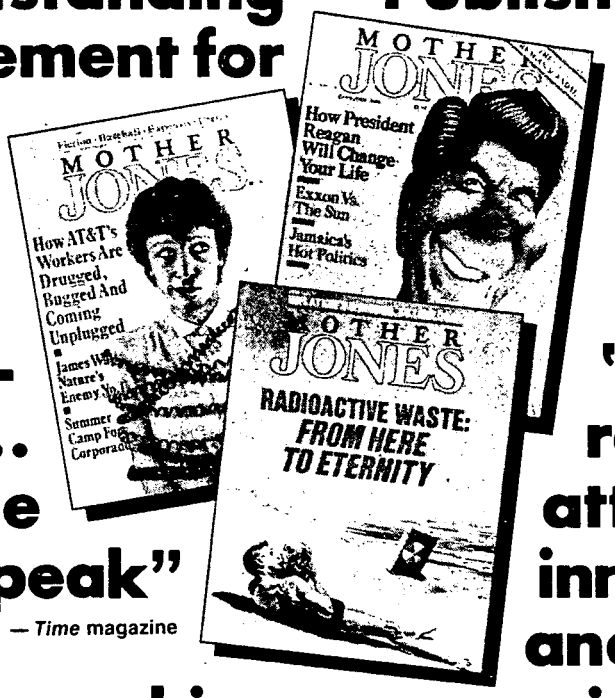
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nant justificatory images: God and Health. For the religious zealot, God's will justifies all manner of human bestiality; for the medical zealot, Health plays the same role. In the name of loving God, we hate; in the name of protecting Health, we ruin lives. When these justificatory claims are combined with our most hypocritical claim of all—the need to Protect The Child—then, truly, all hell breaks loose and the wise know it is time to get out of the way of people running amok to do good.

Still, the reader would be mistaken if he thought that we Americans believed that using opium is always wrong. We only believe that it is wrong for Asians to grow the poppy that is the source of opium and for Europeans to ship its alkaloids to us. What is right, thank heaven, is for our farsighted government to stockpile opium for a "national emergency." Our health planners have already got some 70,000 pounds of it secreted away and plan to add 60,000 more pounds to it. The picture is clear enough: So long as we are free and are not dying, opium is *verboten;* after we shall be fatally irradiated in a nuclear holocaust, however, the government will give us all the opium we'll need for a narcotized death. That seems to me like a high price to pay for regaining our inalienable right to opium—but we seem quite ready to pay it.

FDR, 1882–1945: A Centenary Remembrance, by Joseph Alsop. Viking Press, 256 pp., $25.00.

The Roosevelt myth

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

WHEN RONALD REAGAN highlighted a quote from Franklin D. Roosevelt in his acceptance speech at the 1980 Republican convention, it seemed like a clever tactical ploy to gain the votes of blue-collar workers with long memories. But it has since become clear that this was a mark of genuine devotion, and that FDR truly serves as a presidential model for Reagan. In this Roosevelt centennial year, moreover, the conservative movement, led by journalists George Will and Vermont Royster, has hastened to celebrate what Will has called "the splendid legacy of FDR" and what Royster has termed—in the pages of the *Wall Street Journal* no less—the "greatness" of FDR, "that quality of being larger than other men, seeming larger than life." While not exactly a conservative, Joseph Alsop is at least a Rockefeller Republican, and so it is fitting that this kinsman of FDR should now be performing the major act of integrating Roosevelt into the pantheon of American heroes. A gushing memorial valentine, Alsop's book has been excerpted, cited, and generally treated as the official line on Franklin Roosevelt.

What's going on here? How can men who aim to Get The Government Off Our Backs apotheosize the very man who entrenched the welfare state in America? Surely the perfervid conservative embrace of the shade of FDR suggests far more than the usual centennial pieties and the fact that, with the striking exceptions of Hitler and Stalin, the mere passage of time for most Americans seems to cast a fuzzy bipartisan glow upon all defunct heads of state.

In fact, there is a far more sinister process at work. Americans have long shown an inclination to invest The President with mythic powers and significance not even accurately attributable to absolute monarchs and tribal chiefs of yore. Whatever happens in any era, in the economy, the society, or the culture as well as to all individual goals and aspirations is loaded onto this chimerical figure. The president becomes the embodiment of the entire country, even of much of the globe. But in that case, for *us* to be great, we must have a Great President; hence the continuing quest for chief executives who can be made to fit the mold of the mythic hero. We have heard much in recent decades of the dangers of "elitist history"; but this is elitist history gone berserk.

All this, of course, fits with the modern buildup of the Imperial Presidency, of which FDR is the founder and grand exemplar. If one reads the simpering tributes of Reagan and other conservatives, as well as of liberals, centrists, and the myriad other worshippers at the Rooseveltian shrine, one sees always the theme of the Leader: "He brought us hope." "He saw us through hard times." "He brought greatness to the presidency."

For Ronald Reagan himself, the role model is even clearer. Reagan sees FDR as his prototype, the Great Communicator. What Ronnie is to the age of television, FDR was to the age of radio. He was virtually Mr. Radio, as Roosevelt's mellifluous voice, in the unfamiliar patrician tones that Americans admire, played on his audience in masterly fashion. Reagan gushes in remembrance: "When he came on, it was *the* biggest radio audience ever.... This was one of his great strengths ... his ability to communicate." One consummate actor salutes another.

A hallmark of myth is that the myth makers don't seem to care that their generalizations cannot be grounded in hard facts. Roosevelt brought us hope in the depression? Perhaps. But in the concrete all he brought us was a decade more of depression, which we did not get out of until World War II. If we wished to be unkind, we might surmise that Reagan is enchanted with FDR's ability to hang the Depression as an albatross around the neck of Herbert Hoover forever, and to absolve himself of all responsibility, while he basked in the glow of appreciation for bringing us the tinsel of good cheer in hard times. Reagan is attempting the similar ploy of blaming Jimmy Carter and other predecessors for his own record deficits, but *this* time the hokum doesn't seem to wash.

None of the myth makers excels Joseph Alsop in sundering the glittering and dearly cherished generality from the hard facts. Thus, in summing up FDR's personality, Alsop reveals an unlovely picture: a man who enjoyed encouraging his subordinates to fight it out in public; a man who discarded people "when they ceased to be useful to him"; an obtuse and insensitive husband; an enigmatic pragmatist interested only in "results"; and—what Alsop doesn't sufficiently stress—a politician notorious even in that hypocritical company for giving any man he saw the strong impression that the two of them were in complete agreement. But, after that damning litany, Alsop leaps to the conclusion that FDR was a "truly good man." Why? In an unconscious self-parody, because Roosevelt "was the unrelenting enemy of misery, poverty, oppression, cruelty ... and every other form

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of nastiness and source of unhappiness that human beings and their societies are given to, and he was the stout friend of plenty, generosity, decency" and on and on. "In truth," Alsop concludes, "he loved the light and loathed the darkness . . ." Will the friends of misery, darkness, cruelty, and nastiness, and the enemies of plenty, generosity, and decency please stand up? The author of this mawkish claptrap is called by his publishers "coolly admiring" of FDR: one would hate to see what Viking Press might consider an excess of hot-eyed adulation.

In one of his most bizarre judgments, solemnly repeated by *Time* magazine, Alsop asserts—again without the slightest evidence—that Roosevelt put an end to WASP rule in America and brought the Catholic ethnics into the American system. *How* he is supposed to have done so, Alsop keeps to himself. And one can only comment that when Alsop goes on to attribute all opposition to Roosevelt to the virus of WASP bigotry, he forgets that there were a host of Catholic ethnics second to none in their intransigent hostility to FDR.

One test of the mettle of any Roosevelt biographer is how he handles the Warm Springs Foundation story. Alsop repeats the self-serving half-truth trumpeted by FDR himself, that he lost two-thirds of his personal funds investing in the Warm Springs spa for polio victims. What he conspicuously fails to add is that Roosevelt's condition for running for governor of New York in 1928 was that DuPont magnate John J. Raskob, the major backer of Democratic presidential candidate Al Smith, bail out his Warm Springs losses. Nor is there any mention of FDR's pioneering the kind of spying on law-abiding American citizens that became notorious among his successors. As political scientist Allen Weinstein pointed out in a refreshing article in the *Washington Post*, the recently discovered fact that Roosevelt secretly bugged the Oval Office and discussed with aides the possibility of using "dirty tricks" on Wendell Willkie in the 1940 campaign should be seen in a wider context: the use of secret agents and wiretapping to keep track of and harass his political opponents. Roosevelt, for instance, had a wiretap as well as an informer planted in the offices of the great anti-interventionist paper, the *Washington Times-Herald*. Other critics of Roosevelt's war policy were similarly bugged: and J. Edgar Hoover was given instructions to monitor the affair going on between young John F. Kennedy and Inga Arvad, a young reporter on the *Times-Herald*. In short, many of the excesses we associate with the subsequent baddies in the Oval Office have their real origin in the "great" FDR.

Many of the excesses we associate with the subsequent baddies in the Oval Office have their origin in FDR.

BUT REAGAN AND HIS FELLOW conservatives are not merely engaged in embracing the Imperial Presidency. In hailing FDR they are symbolizing their enthusiastic acceptance of the whole welfare-warfare state, which a domineering executive power has built in America. Standing on the shoulders of his political mentor, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt was the premier figure in converting America from roughly a land of individualism to a country dominated by a Big Government wielding imperial power at home and abroad. Despite all the rhetoric about Getting Government Off Our Backs, the conservative movement intends nothing of the kind. In the course of a paean to FDR, George Will

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hails Roosevelt's "irrevocable redefinition of the relationship of the citizen to the central government." The "redefinition" was in fact a restructuring of an entire country. Once a land where the citizen had been sovereign and the government at least apparently his servant, FDR above all others forged a nation where the government is master and the citizen a hapless pawn.

As Will puts it, before Roosevelt "government had acknowledged only a duty to produce 'conditions' in which people could pursue happiness." But since FDR, government "has the final responsibility for the well-being of its citizenship"; it is an "agency for delivering a measure of happiness." I don't know how much happiness government has brought to any of us lately, but in any case if government has final responsibility it must have the ultimate power to tell us what to do and to make sure that we do it. In that sort of a post-Rooseveltian world, our happiness and well-being are highly problematic; but the power over us is not.

But it is the world empire Roosevelt gave us that truly enchants conservatives of every stripe, from Will to Reagan to Alsop. As George Will rhapsodizes: "When FDR died in 1945 America was more supreme than Great Britain after Waterloo, than the France of Louis XIV—than any power since the Roman Empire. And it had a central government commensurate with that role." *That's* what the current apotheosis of FDR is all about. Conservatives may quarrel with the details of what Roosevelt did with the American empire, but they can forgive him everything for the mighty power that he has secured. (Both Will and Alsop dismiss Roosevelt's dealings with Stalin as of little moment, though Will is a bit more critical. Alsop manages to shift the blame to FDR's fatigue and ill-health combined with pro-Soviet misinformation disseminated by the *New York Times*.)

Reaganites might subtract a few food stamps here and add a few missiles there, they might transpose a few of the formerly designated "good nations" and "bad nations," but they are clearly content with the legacy of Big Government at home and abroad that Franklin Roosevelt left us. Conservatives, liberals, and all breeds in between are content to salute the centennial and dance together around the Maypole of the status quo. ❑

***THE MYTH OF THE NATION AND THE VISION OF REVOLUTION.* by J. L. Talmon. University of California Press. 632 pp., $35.00.**

Romanticism and terror

MAURICE CRANSTON

BEFORE HE DIED AT THE age of sixty-four in 1980, Professor Jacob Talmon had just completed his monumental trilogy on the origins and development of ideological politics in the modern world. In a preface to this, his third and last volume, he explains how it all began. As an undergraduate in the 1930s writing a paper on Robespierre's terror during the French Revolution, he was struck by the parallel between those events and the Stalinist terror in progress in the Soviet Union; and he resolved there and then to dedicate his life as a scholar to an investigation of the links between salvationist revolutionary movements inspired by humane ideals and totalitarian regimes characterized by cruel and oppressive practices.

His first book, *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy,* dealt with the French Revolution and sought to explain how what had started out as an attempt to overthrow despotism, was transformed into a ruinous endeavor to institute a model democracy by limitless force. Talmon ascribed to Jean-Jacques Rousseau heavy responsibility for having provoked the frenzied enthusiasm for a new social order that took possession of the French mind and for having suggested that men might have to be "forced to be free." In his second book, *Political Messianism,* Talmon traced the expansion from France to the whole of the Western world in the early nineteenth century of a political counterpart to the romanticism that dominated the culture of the time. That political romanticism found expression in the spread of ideologies, differing in content, but each claiming to provide a total and comprehensive program for revolutionary change. His third volume, *The Myth of the Nation and the Vision of Revolution,* carries the study into the present century and attempts to explain how certain nineteenth-century ideologies propelled men toward the wars and the totalitarian regimes, Nazi and fascist as well as a communist, which have afflicted our age.

Whether or not he succeeds in demonstrating that there is a "law," as he puts it, "which causes revolutionary salvationist schemes to evolve into regimes of terror" (and I must say that I myself believe there are no laws of history), Talmon undoubtedly persuades us, with a wealth of historical evidence, that there has been a profound connection between the cultivation of ideological politics and the worst atrocities that have been perpetrated by the despots of our time. He singles out for scrutiny what he believes to have been the two dominant ideologies of the past few generations, nationalism and revolutionary socialism, and he traces in great detail the tortuous and paradoxical relationship that has existed between these two mass movements of opinion.

What nationalism and socialism had in common was a belief in subordinating the individual to something bigger than himself. For the nationalist, a man found his true identity as a member of a nation; for the socialist, it was the class that counted. Logically these two conceptions of the human group were at odds with one another. The nationalist could not accept the idea of the class, because it was universal, transcending all frontiers. Indeed this universality was what gave socialism its particular nobility as a creed; it might seek to abolish the bourgeoisie, but it offered an image of working men as a worldwide band of brothers. Socialism presented itself as an ideology of peace.

Nationalism, on the other hand, was infected with that spirit of war which Napoleon had attached to the gospel of liberty by precept and example, and which the defeat of Napoleon had signally failed to expunge from men's hearts. The idea of the nation was, by definition, a separatist and particular idea as opposed to all universal notions like class or Church or empire. It taught Germans to think of themselves above all as Germans, Italians as Italians, Irish as Irish, etc. Militarism fortified these feelings of

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collective identity and superiority.

Unfortunately, perhaps, neither socialism nor nationalism had a wholly coherent understanding of its own purposes. Nationalism, originally at odds with imperialism, itself became imperialistic, first in France, and then even more dramatically in Germany. Socialism, originally a doctrine that recognized no frontiers, was organized within nations, so that socialist parties came to see themselves, and act, as institutions of different states. One consequence of all this, as Talmon shows in detail in his book, is that socialism no less than nationalism prepared the way for the disaster of the 1914 war, and all that followed.

The most powerful political ideologies that we have seen since the end of World War I have contained elements both of nationalism and of socialism. Once Lenin forsook the dream of world revolution for the practical policy of "socialism in one country," Russian patriotism could be fused with Marxist economics, and the Soviet Union could continue to play the role of the Tsarist Empire on the world stage with a new mask on the same old face. Fascism, in its original Italian and most other Latin manifestations, was overtly hostile to socialism; but Hitler acknowledged his fascism to be both nationalistic and socialistic, and there, at least, his perception was accurate. Hitler proposed a socialism without a universal dimension, and he was not the first to have done so.

Nearly all the ideological novelties of the twentieth century can be traced back to the nineteenth. Indeed it is arguable that there have been no real theoretical innovations since 1918; only new variations and amalgams. Our most recent trends—feminism and socialist humanism, for example—owe much to the recovery by modern scholars of neglected nineteenth-century writings.

The great weakness of all ideological theorizing is that none of it goes back earlier than the nineteenth century. Talmon traces it back to Rousseau, but this is a highly controversial enterprise. Rousseau did not, like Marx, offer a revolutionary program to the world. He attempted, undoubtedly, to exalt the republican form of government as the one most ideally suited to men who loved liberty. But he did not urge anyone to initiate a republic, either by revolutionary or by peaceful means. He simply sought to articulate a truth of political science. That Rousseau's writings had a revolutionary impact, one cannot deny. But he did not seek to provide an action-oriented political and social program, which is what an ideology (in the decent sense of the word) provides. Rousseau was a philosopher transformed by his readers into an ideologue.

Talmon would doubtless reply that Rousseau's impact is more important than Rousseau's intentions. Such, at any rate, is Talmon's subject. He is not greatly concerned with what any thinker actually thought, but rather with the uses to which theories have been put. In this respect, his approach is rather like Tocqueville's; he is a sociological sort of historian out to explain how ideas govern action. In his lifetime Talmon grew to be like Tocqueville in another respect as well; he became more conservative, more convinced as he grew older of the superiority of practical wisdom over bookish ratiocination, of the statesman over the intellectual.

His latest book is a very worthy successor to the two that went before it. The whole trilogy is a labor of duty as distinct from one of love. Talmon did not like the modern period, and wrote about it only because he felt it simply had to be explained. At the same time, he was a marvelous stylist, as well as a meticulous scholar, and everything he wrote is very readable, even enjoyable, if one is allowed to find enjoyment in a narrative of lofty constructions of the intellect deceiving and destroying millions of innocent men.

Nationalism, originally at odds with imperialism, itself became imperialistic, first in France, and then more dramatically in Germany.

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FILM

***MISSING*, directed by Costa-Gavras.**

***CIRCLE OF DECEIT*, directed by Volker Schlöndorff.**

States of siege

STEPHEN HARVEY

WHEN IT COMES TO THE art of studding full-page newspaper ads with sell-words like "daring" and "gripping," a big-studio movie with a politically charged subject must hew to a very special set of guidelines. After first embracing a viewpoint that may be gospel on the Upper West Side but is sure anathema in the hinterlands (that's the daring part), the artisans involved must dunk their dry polemic in the tangy juice of melodrama, which is where the gripping stuff comes in. For further insurance, it's wise to balance your stellar cast with a classy tyro actress on the ascendant opposite a movie elder statesman whose presence will reassure his fans that nothing too untoward, or painfully *engagé,* is likely to unreel after all.

By the box score above, a movie like *Making Love* muffed it on all counts; it was both ideologically stodgy and comatose in the tempo department, while sporting a cast of negligible interest to anyone not addicted to late-night TV reruns. *Missing,* however, is as canny in concept as it is infinitely more skilled in the execution. Its premise is that military juntas do evil and American complicity with same does us grave dishonor—not, on the face of it, such shocking news to much of the film's probable first-run audience. (The fact that *Missing* has been released just as we're playing footsie with the Boys from El Salvador is pure serendipity, like the happy accident of timing that linked *The China Syndrome* with Three Mile Island. *Missing*'s director is Costa-Gavras (*Z, The Confession, State of Siege*), the supreme practitioner of high-voltage rectitude: the combination of Sissy Spacek's hushed, twangy fervor and Jack Lemmon's flailing Willy Lomanisms is a perfect yin/yang casting coup. But perhaps the most adroit element in this package is a script, by the director and Donald Stewart, which shades the facts just photogenically enough to win over the most apolitical of viewers, while confirming some of our treasured national myths about ourselves.

Missing commences with whatever the opposite of a disclaimer is, as Jack Lemmon's voice-over informs us that the incidents and the names of most of the hapless principals are indeed real. He and the film turn out to be rather less forthcoming as to exactly where the ensuing cataclysms take place, although only the most myopic would miss the fact that this tropical hotspot is Ch-l- just after the coup d'état that obliterated Allende, who likewise goes unmentioned. Costa-Gavras shot *Missing* in Mexico, a likely facsimile for Ch-l-, and once more establishes with every shot why he is unrivaled at capturing the immediacy of a society in a state of siege. This is a world in which forces suddenly sweep into your midst from a point just outside your peripheral vision, turning an ordinary workaday activity, like waiting for a bus, into a sudden humiliating ordeal, or far worse. *Missing* is punctuated with impassioned images of cool incongruity. In the foreground foreigners try to conduct their daily business, while in back locals sprawl out on the asphalt in a frozen tableau—perhaps they're dead, maybe they're playing possum, but there isn't time to stick around and find out. The tremor-ridden neutral bastion—an international hotel decorated in anonymous tacky grandeur—is framed in static shots that capture an ominous air of life-as-usual, enlivened by the nightly fireworks lobbed over the heads of the resident tourists and plutocrats. As Innocent Abroad Spacek misses cur-few and scampers breathlessly through the capital in search of a temporary haven, Costa-Gavras's tracking camera hurtles beside her, heightening the sense of nocturnal danger.

The central figures in this turbulent landscape are two Americans. The first, Beth Horman (Spacek), is the appealing counterculture spouse of a dilettante expatriate, who has been mysteriously snatched away in the maelstrom; the other, her father-in-law (Lemmon), is a stern, patriotic businessman who has come to Ch-l- to unravel the mystery of his son's disappearance. Theirs is a predictable misalliance of ideologies—Spacek's blunt sarcasm in the face of the blank stonewalling practiced by the local State Department minions clashing with Lemmon's contemptuous asides about the "antiestablishment paranoia" of her and her generation. The screenplay takes great pains to establish Ed Horman's credentials as an average middle-aged American with an unswerving belief in his nation's honor; we are frequently told that he is a staunch Christian Scientist possessed by a "faith in the truth," which has somehow become translated into a belief in the candor and inviolability of our foreign policy. Much of the film's tension should come from this character's growing awareness of the government's penchant for lying when politically expedient; while our men in Santiago stick to the comforting fabrication that Horman junior has simply gone underground with the guerrillas, Ed Horman's conviction grows that his son was indeed abducted by the junta, with the collusion of its American pals. This loss of belief never quite pays off dramatically, because straightaway the movie betrays its own condescension towards Horman's smug jingoism—he never had anything worthwhile to lose in the first place. The very casting of Lemmon tips off the movie's intentions; had Costa-Gavras cast an actor who comfortably projected probity and plain horse-sense, someone like the late William Holden, the conflict between Horman's single-minded cant and the truth might really have seemed momentous. But Lemmon's sweaty palms and scrunched-up face scarcely suggest a troubled mind—colitis is more like it. Lemmon is granted three soliloquies of moral outrage and paternal anguish, which permit him to squirt tears and slacken his chin in the manner of a man who is not so much

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eager to salvage his movie son as rack up yet another real-life Oscar nomination for his career resumé.

Costa-Gavras has always been good at stacking the deck lest his audience flounder in moral ambiguity. (You may remember the way we first learned how evil the fascist assassin in *Z* was, by watching him cruise proletarian teenage boys in an Athens pinball parlor.) Similar sophistries are at work in *Missing*, although with the opposite intent. Obviously, nobody

should have to pay for their beliefs with their lives, however suspect or muddled their ideologies, but Costa-Gavras is taking no chances with the sympathies of his public. In a Costa-Gavras movie, the martyr must be lovable lest we otherwise fail to grasp the great moral point. Hence Spacek's kidnapped husband is painted as a wistful sprite with amorphous convictions, who just happened to come upon some dismaying facts by stumbling into the right place at a perilous moment. His favorite book is *The Little Prince* (from which Spacek cites lengthy passages to an understandably wincing Lemmon), his highest ambition to make sweet animated films that would bring smiles to a worldful of kiddies, and the most revolutionary act he's committed was to translate pieces from the *New York Times* for a cosmopolitan local newspaper. John Shea, off-Broadway's answer to Michael Ontkean, is just the darling for the part, all endearing impish gestures and melting smiles from those deep-dish blue eyes.

He and Spacek are the mouthpieces of all-American naiveté: their example underscores the truism that feckless innocence may jeopardize us in that great big complicated world, but remains our great national saving grace just the same. It's a pretty fiction that the murder of such a character was as gratuitous as it was appalling, but it doesn't seem to have had much to do with the facts. By most accounts, the real Horman was an avowed leftist whose residence in Chile was prompted by ideals considerably less vague than those expressed by Spacek in *Missing*. Such pronounced convictions would be a conspicuous nuisance for a movie aimed at the broad American public, just as it would be inconvenient to mention that the regime being crushed before our eyes by cold military might just happened to be Marxist. These little sins of omission were scarcely inadvertent—they served to guarantee that *Missing* would incite the proper ire against the unsavory right, without distracting us with any unsettling questions about the martyrs it enshrines. If a complex historical tragedy is thus reduced to slick, assured entertainment, so be it—Costa-Gavras is no fool when it comes to keeping our eyes focused in horror, our thoughts barreling straight down the track, and our hearts in our mouths. (For another view of *Missing*, see the column by Saul Landau and John Dinges on page 10.)

Missing revels in the tradition of leftish show-biz Americana—heroes with principles vs. baddies with none, good vs. Right, issues and sentiments clearly defined. Volker Schlöndorff's *Circle of Deceit*, panning across a similarly devastated landscape, wallows in a particularly Teutonic brand of anguished impotence. The first time we see its protagonist, a journalist named Laschen (Bruno Ganz), he's brooding behind a windshield smeared by the tears of heaven. It's not the prospect of his life curdling into nothingness someday that fazes him; what really bothers Laschen is that when it happens, he may be too anesthetized to notice. After a fornication/vilification montage of domestic discord, he declares a temporary cease-fire on the home front by winging it to the civil strife of Beirut.

Circle of Deceit was actually filmed in Lebanon, under what must have been extraordinarily arduous circumstances. Graphic as it is, Schlöndorff's on-the-spot reenactment of an upended urban world differs more in detail than in texture from Costa-Gavras's after-the-fact reconstructions. Cities divided against themselves are apparently wracked by the same sickening pathology everywhere—checkpoints and barricades, casual strafing and random corpses, nighttime blitzes and high-rise hostelries that stand in as the latter-day equivalent of the Alamo. Yet as befits the impenetrable chaos of the Lebanese crisis, Schlöndorff is less partisan than bitter cynic. While Laschen's photographer-crony (played with appropriate nastiness by émigré Polish director Jerzy Skolimowski) scavenges for the grisliest snapshots, the director's surrogate observes Christians who playfully snipe at pedestrians and lay down their machine guns to tickle the ivories on a pilfered baby grand, and Moslems who sprinkle gasoline on their lifeless victims, making human bonfires to light the encroaching dusk. Everything is bewildering, including Laschen's own motives for being there, since it's made clear that the only function his dispatches from purgatory can serve is to reinforce the smugness of the becalmed readers back home. Even his fleeting affair with a German expatriate (a relatively sunny turn by Hanna Schygulla, usually the Dietrich to Fassbinder's von Sternberg) brings cold comfort since she's integrated herself with this alien milieu to a degree that Laschen can neither fathom nor endure.

Schlöndorff's hero, so to speak, is a wanton existentialist—at one point he proclaims that he's never before felt so alive, slaloming through the holocaust. Bruno Ganz, Mr. Angst himself in innumerable German films since the national movie "renaissance" began, is the ideal incarnation of the Twentieth Century Blues: gray skin and congealed eyes betraying a festering canker within that nothing could heal, thin lips so compressed into a haughty frown that only the prod of an M-16 muzzle could contort them into a grin. *Circle of Deceit* is truly chilling as the shell-shocked contemplation of a devastated land without hope, and perhaps Schlöndorff's tone of inchoate misery is the only appropriate response to what he's seen. If only he and his onscreen stand-in didn't seem to *enjoy* their vicarious suffering so much; as it is, a more apt title for their movie would be *Beirut, Mon Amour*.

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